STACK
ANNEX

5
025
497

B
000 002 163
4
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE

[illegible] AND TRAVELLERS

[illegible]NION TO THE LAKES.

IN

[illegible]LAND, WESTMORLAND,

AND

LANCASHIRE;

[illegible]

[illegible] of the surrounding Scenery,

[illegible]

[illegible] WALES, [illegible] 1885,

[illegible] AND VILLAGES,

[illegible]

BY CHARLES COOKE.

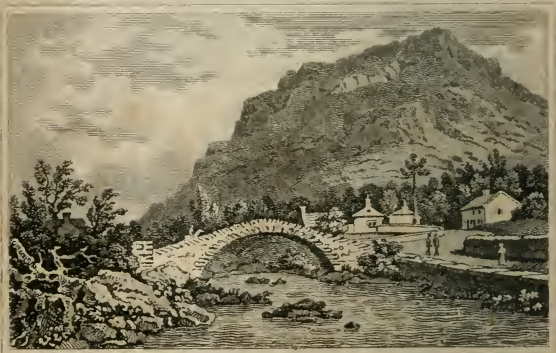
LONDON

PRINTED FOR [illegible], JONES, AND [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Patterdale Palace.



Rydal.

North entrance to Keswick.

Brathay Bridge.

THE

TOURIST'S AND TRAVELLER'S

COMPANION

TO THE

Lakes

OF

CUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND,

AND

LANCASHIRE;

INCLUDING A

DESCRIPTION OF THE SURROUNDING SCENERY,

THE

Vales, Mountains, adjacent Towns and Villages,
Local Peculiarities, &c.

By CHARLES COOKE.

London:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

D. Sidney & Co. Printers,
Northumberland Street, Strand.

PREFACE.

THE scenery of the Lakes of Cumberland, &c. &c. being among the principal attractions commanding the attention of tourists and travellers, we have preferred a connected description of the whole to any detached and occasional mention of them, as they occur in the course of the journeys marked out in our Topographical Description.

The grandeur of the scenery, unique in its kind, would, undoubtedly, lose much of its effect intermingled with other subjects, as they occur in the several tours described here. We have therefore preferred treating this as a separate subject; but at the same time, complete in itself.

Various methods have been proposed as the most eligible for viewing these Lakes, but after all that has been said, the tourist is most likely to be determined by his own previous ideas on the subject, or by local circumstances to adopt a plan of his own. In arranging, therefore, our excursions, we have given, as accurately as possible, the distances from place to place, and by breaking our tour into short excursions from the principal places, have, we trust, so disposed the whole, that whatever order of visiting the Lakes may be adopted, we may still be a useful guide or companion; connecting the observations and remarks of the latest travellers and tourists upon this romantic part of the Island, particularly those of that ingenious artist, Mr. William Green, the indefatigable Author of THE TOURIST'S NEW GUIDE, &c.

This Guide to the Lakes, in two volumes, has been justly styled by Mr. Wordsworth, A Complete Magazine of minute and accurate information of this kind, giving the names of Mountains, Streams, &c.

THE EDITOR.

INTRODUCTION.

OPINIONS vary as to the most eligible point from which strangers should set out, to view the Lakes to the best advantage. On this particular, a respectable writer, who has been much followed, has observed, "The course of visiting the Lakes from Penrith is by Bampton to Haweswater, and from thence to Uls-water and return to Penrith. Next set out for Keswick, seventeen miles, good road. Having visited Keswick and the environs, set out for Ambleside, sixteen miles of excellent mountain Road. From Ambleside, proceed along the side of Windermere-water, six miles to Bowness, and, having explored this Lake, either return to Ambleside and from thence to Hawkshead, five miles, or cross Windermere-water at the Horse-Ferry, to Hawkshead, four miles. The road part of the way, is along the beautiful banks of Esthwaite-water From Hawkshead, the road is along the skirts of the Furness Appennines to the head of Coniston-water, three miles good road. This Lake stretches from the feet of Coniston Fells, to the south, six miles. The road on the eastern side along its banks to Lowick Bridge; from thence to Penny Bridge, or by Lowick Hall, eight miles. From Ulverston, by Dalton, to the ruins of Furness Abbey, six miles. Return to Ulverston, from thence to Kendal, twenty-one miles, or to Lancaster, over the sands, twenty miles.

This order for making the tour of the Lakes, is the most convenient for company coming from the north, or over Stainmoor;—but for those who come by Lancaster, it will be every way more convenient to commence their visit to the Lakes with Coniston-water.—By this course the Lakes present themselves in an order more agreeable to the eye and grateful to the imagination. The change of scenery is then from the pleasing to the surprising; from the delicate touches of *Claude*, verified on the Coniston Lake, to the

noble scenes of *Poussin* exhibited in Windermere; and from these to the stupendous romantic ideas of *Salvator Rosa*, realized on the Lake of Derwent-water.

We would therefore take up the tourist at Lancaster, and attend him to all the Lakes, pointing out the permanent features of each scene, the vales, the dells, the groves, the hanging woods, the scattered cots, the deep mountains, the impending cliff, the broken ridge, the tarns, the streams, &c.

Such as visit the Lakes from the south, and are limited to time, generally make to Ambleside, as a primary station; others, not preferring the beauties of this place, post on to Keswick, under the idea that all the charms of the county are concentrated in Borrowdale and Derwent-water. A short time, in dry weather, will do much. Mr. Green honestly declares in favour of Ambleside, but not to the total exclusion of Keswick and Derwent-water, where one or two days might produce an agreeable variety.—On the contrary, visitors from the north or east, might spend four days about Derwent-water, and the neighbourhood, and two in a tour by Matterdale to Uls-water, returning by way of Ambleside to Keswick.

To form a proper idea of the local scenery of the Lakes, Mr. Wordsworth says, " I know not how to give the reader a distinct image of these more readily, than by requesting him to place himself with me in imagination upon some given point; let it be the top of Great Gavel, or Scaw-fell; or rather let us suppose our station to be a cloud, hanging midway between these two mountains, at not more than half a mile's distance from the summit of each, and not many yards above their highest elevation; we shall then see stretched at our feet, a number of valleys, not fewer than eight, diverging from the point on which we are supposed to stand, like spokes from the nave of a wheel. First we note, lying to the south east, the vale of Langdale, which will conduct the eye to the long Lake of Windermere, stretched nearly to the sands of the vast Bay of Morecomb, serving here for this imaginary wheel—let us trace it in a direction from the south-east, towards the south, and we shall next fix our eyes upon the vale of Coniston, running up likewise from the sea, but not as the other valleys do, to the nave of the

wheel, and therefore it may not be unaptly represented as a broken spoke sticking in the rim. Looking again, with an inclination towards the west, immediately at our feet lies the vale of Duddon, in which is no Lake, but a winding stream among fields, rocks, and mountains, and terminating its course in the sands of Duddon. The fourth vale, that of the Esk, is of the same general character as the last, yet beautifully discriminate from it by peculiar features. Its stream passes under the woody steep upon which stands Muncaster Castle, the ancient seat of the Penningtons, and after forming a short and narrow estuary, enters the sea below the little Town of Ravenglass. Next, almost due west, we should look down into, and along the deep valley of Wastdale, with its little chapel and a few neat dwellings scattered upon a plain of meadow and corn ground, intersected with stone walls, almost imperceptible. Beyond this fertile little plain, within its bed of steep mountains, lies the long, narrow, stern, and desolate Lake of Wastdale, and beyond this, a dusky tract of level ground conducts the eye to the Irish sea. The stream, issuing from Wast-water, is called the Irt, and falls into the estuary of the river Esk. Ennerdale comes next in view, with its Lake of bold and somewhat savage shores. Its stream, the Ehen or Enna, flowing through a soft and fertile country, passes the town of Egremont, and the ruins of the Castle; then seeming to break through the barrier of sand thrown up by the winds on this tempestuous coast, enters the Irish sea. The vale of Buttermere, with the lake and village of Crummock-water beyond, next present themselves. We will now follow the main stream, the Cocker, through the fertile and beautiful vale of Lorton, till it is lost in the Derwent, below the noble ruins of Cockermouth Castle. Lastly, Borrowdale, of which the vale of Keswick is only a continuation, stretching due north, brings us to a point nearly opposite to the vale of Windermere, with which we began. From this it will appear that the image of a wheel, thus far exact, is little more than one half complete; but the deficiency on the eastern side may be supplied by the vales of Wytheburn, Uls-water, Haws-water, Grasmere, and Rydal; none of these, however, run up to the central point between Great Gavel and Scawfell. From this, hitherto our central point, if we take a flight, not more than

three or four miles eastward to the ridge of Helvellyn, we shall look down upon Wytheburn and St. John's Vale, a branch of the vale of Keswick. Upon Uls-water, stretching due east, and not far beyond to the south east, (though from this point not visible) lie the vale and Lake of Haws-water, and lastly the vales of Grasmere, Rydal, and Ambleside, bring you back to Windermere; thus completing, though on the eastern side, in a somewhat irregular manner, the representative figure of the wheel."

Mr. Wordsworth has remarked, "that from amenity and beauty, the transition to sublimity is easy and favourable; but the reverse is not so; for after the faculties have been elevated, they are indisposed to humbler incitement. The only instances to which these observations do not apply, are Derwent-water, and Lowes-water. Derwent is distinguished from all other Lakes, by being *surrounded* by sublimity: the fantastic mountains of Borrowdale to the south; the solitary majesty of Skiddaw to the north; the bold steeps of Wallow-Crag and Lowdore to the east, and to the west, the clustering mountains of Newlands. Lowes-water is tame at the head, but towards its outlet has a magnificent assemblage of mountains. Yet neither Derwent nor Lowes-water derive any supplies from the streams of those mountains that dignify the landscape towards the outlets."

Mr. Cumberland observed, "in truth a more pleasing tour than these Lakes hold out to men of leisure and curiosity, cannot be devised. We penetrate the Glaciers, traverse the Rhone and the Rhine, whilst our domestic Lakes of Uls-water, Keswick, and Windermere, exhibit scenes in so sublime a style, with such beautiful colourings of rock, wood, and water, backed with so tremendous a disposition of mountains, that if they do not fairly take the lead of all the views of Europe, yet they are indisputably such, as no English traveller should leave behind him.

Such as spend their lives in cities, and their time in crowds, will here meet with objects that will enlarge their mind by contemplation, and raise it from nature to nature's first cause.

When exercise and change of air are recommended for health, the convalescent will find the latter here in the purest state, and the former will be the concomitant of the tour. The many hills

and mountains of various heights, separated by narrow vales, through which the air is agitated and hurried on by a multiplicity of brooks and mountain torrents, keep it in constant circulation, which is known to add much to its purity. The water is also as pure as the air, and on that account recommends itself to the valitudinarian.

The waters of the English Lakes are infinitely more pellucid and less subject to agitation than those of the Alps, in Switzerland, and, not like them, subject to any storms.

It is very common for tourist's to make this comparison between these mountains and those of the Alps. A gentleman who had passed much time abroad, and was well acquainted with the scenery of the Continent, recommends those persons who intend to make a tour on the Continent, to begin with a visit to our Lakes. He says it will afford them a miniature picture of what they are to meet with there; in traversing the Alps and Appennines, to which our northern mountains are not inferior in beauty of line, or variety of summit, number of lakes, transparency of water, colouring of rock, or softness of turf; but in height and extent only.

As *Tarns* are frequently mentioned in the course of these excursions, it is to be observed that " Tarns are bodies of still water found in some valleys, and are numerous among the mountains. A *Tarn* in a vale, generally implies that the bed of a vale is not happily formed; and in such situations they are often surrounded by an unsightly tract of boggy ground. The Tarn differs only from the Lake in being smaller or found in a circular recess.

As the best time of the year, the month of September has been recommended for visiting this select situation; its autumnal appearance is thus preferred either to that of spring or summer. In the valleys there is then an admirable compass and proportion of natural harmony in colour through the whole scale of objects; as the tender green of the after-grass upon the meadows, interspersed with islands of grey or mossy rock, crowned by shrubs and trees, in the irregular enclosures of standing corn, or stubble fields; in the mountain sides, glowing with fern of divers colours; in the calm blue lakes, and river pools; and in the foliage of the trees, through all the tints of autumn. To persons confined to time, the space

between the middle or last week in May, and the middle or last week of June, as affording the best combination of long days, fine weather, and the consequent variety of impressions, has been recommended. Few of the native trees are then in full leaf; but whatever may be wanting in depth of shade will be made up in the diversity of foliage, in the blossoms of the fruit, and the berry-bearing trees, which abound in the woods, and in the golden flowers of the broom and other shrubs. Still, on those mountain sides that have a northern aspect, many of the spring flowers are backward, whilst the open and sunny places are stocked with those of summer. Here the linnet and thrush chant their love-songs, safe from the birds of prey that build in the inaccessible crags, and are frequently heard or seen wheeling about in the air. In the narrow valleys here, it is remarked, there are no sky-larks, as their destroyers would be able to dart upon them from the nearest heights. The nightingale seldom resorts here, but almost all the other tribes of the English warblers are numerous. Several other circumstances render the close of spring particularly interesting, as the bringing down the ewes from the mountains to yean in the valleys and enclosed grounds. At this time, too, the traveller, will be sure of room, and comfortable accommodation, even in the small Inns. As to the order in which objects are best seen, it is observed, a lake will appear to most advantage when approached from its outlet, especially if it be in a mountainous country. By this way of approach the spectator faces the grander features of the scene, and is gradually conducted into its most sublime recesses. As to the precipitous sides of the mountains, and the neighbouring summits, they may be seen with effect under any atmosphere which allows of their being seen at all. The visitant to the mountains should reach the summit by sun-rise, or remain there till the time of sun-set. A stranger to a mountainous country should take his early morning walk on the eastern side of the vale, otherwise he will lose the morning light, first touching the tops, and thence creeping down the sides of the opposite hills, as the sun ascends. If the line of the horizon in the east be low, the western side may be taken for the sake of the reflections upon the water: in the evening, for like reasons, the contrary course should be adopted.

A provincial poet has also indulged his muse upon this fruitful subject.

When summer suns lick up the dew,
And all the heavens are painted blue,
'Tis then with smiling cheeks we view
The Stranger at the Lakes.

When morning tips with gold the boughs,
And tinges Skiddaw's cloud-kiss'd brows,
Then round the Lake the boatman rows
The Stranger at the Lakes.

When grey-rob'd evening steps serene,
Across the sweetly varied green,
Beside some cascade may be seen,
The Stranger at the Lakes.

He whose ideas never stray
Beyond the parson's gig and gray,
Stares at the carriage and relay
Of Strangers at the Lakes.

As by his cot the phæton flies,
The peasant gapes with mouth and eyes,
And to his wond'ring family cries,
"*A Stranger at the Lakes!*"

Sometimes, when brewers' clerks appear,
And Boniface is short of gear,
He says, "Kind Sir, we've had this year
Few Strangers at the Lakes."

At Christmas, when the bar-maid shews
Her lustre gown, and new kid shoes,
She says, "I tipp'd the cash for those
From Strangers at the Lakes."

But could the post-horse, neighing, say
What he has suffered night and day,
'Tis much, I think, if he would pray
For Strangers at the Lakes.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

THE LAKES.
CARLISLE
Allonby
Wigton
Maryport
Cockbridge
Ellen R.
Ireby
Workington
Cockermouth
Clifton
Hesket Newmarket
High Hesket
High Pike
Caldew R.
Hutton
Distington
Skiddow
Whitehaven
Lorton
Lows W.
Saddle Back
Graystock
Penrith
St. Bees Heads
St. Bees
Crummock Water
Keswick
Ennerdale
Egremont
Derwent W.
Buttermere
Grange
Newchurch
Ulles Water
Brompton
Beckermont
Wastedale Head
Eagle Crags
Dunmel Raise Stones
Haws Water
Shap
Langdale Pikes
Grasmere
Wastedale
Waste Water
Burnmoor Tarn
Hard Knot
Wrynose
Rydal
Kentmere Tarn
High Street
Mite R.
Ravenglass
Eskdale
Esk R.
Ambleside
Lever Water
Water Head
Goats Tarn
Hawkshead
Devock Lake
Bootle
Bowness
Kendal
Black Comb
Broughton
Scale of Miles
CUMBERLAND
WESTMORELAND
LANCASHIRE
IRISH SEA

EXCURSION I.

From Lancaster to Ulverston over the sands.

	Miles.	Miles
Hest Bank		3
Cartmel Guide's-house over the first sand	10	13
Road through Flookborough, connecting the sands	3½	16½
Ulverston	4½	21

Avoiding the sands, the road from Lancaster to Ulverston is,

to Carnforth		5½
Warton	1½	7
Yealand Conyers	1½	8½
——— Redman	1	9½
——— Storrs	1	10½
Leighton Furnace	1½	12
Beetham	1½	13½
Millthorpe	2	15½
Heversham	1¼	16¾
Levens	1¼	18
Lindale	5	23
Newton	2	25
Newby Bridge	3½	28½
Bouth	3½	32
Penny Bridge	2	34
Ulverston	4	38

The new road from Lancaster to Ulverston is scarcely less pleasant in its prospects, and runs over much more even ground; it is several miles shorter than the old one. From Carnforth, on the way to Millthorpe, it passes between the Burton and Warton roads, and joins the one from Lancaster through Warton to Millthorpe at Beetham, and even in that distance, reduces the length nearly two miles.

Burton in Kendal, though not lying in our rout, may here be noticed, as some approach the lakes by that road proceeding thence to Millthorpe. Burton

in Kendal is twenty-two miles from Lancaster, just beyond which, on our right, we may observe Farlton knot, a beautiful naked limestone mountain, said to bear a striking resemblance to the rock of Gibraltar.

From Lancaster to Ulverston

A new road from Lancaster to Ulverston is completed, and forms a safer and more convenient communication between the two towns, than the former road over the sands. It likewise affords a more level road to Kendal from Ulverston, some parts of Cartmel and Witherslack; and as this road passes Levens, it is within three miles of joining the main road from Leeds, and all the western part of Yorkshire.

Those who set out from Lancaster may enjoy one of the finest afternoon rural views in England. The best station for this purpose, is on the south side of the great or Queen's road, a little higher than where Mr. Grey stood; for the vale of the river Lune is in full display. What is called the wheel of Lune is a high crowded isthmus, fringed with tall trees, some of which still conceal the nakedness of Caton moor on the right.

The vale of Lune, all the way from Lancaster to Hornby (nine miles), is singularly beautiful. Hornby castle, though of various dates and architecture, is a fine object from many points. Persons limited to time may leave the vale of Lune and pass direct from Lancaster by way of Kendal and Bowness to Ambleside, or through Ulverston and by Coniston water to Ambleside.

From Lancaster to Hest bank the distance is three miles. The Lancaster sands, which commence here, are nine miles over. On the right is a bold shore, deeply indented in some places, and opening into bays in others; valleys that stretch far into the country, bounded on each side by hanging grounds, cut into inclosures, interspersed with groves and woods, adorned with sequestered cots, farms, villages, churches, and castles; mountains behind mountains,

and others again just seen over them, close the first scene. Entering on the sands to the left, Heysham point rises abruptly, and the village is seen upon its side. Over the vast extent of sand, Peel Castle, the ancient bulwark of the bay, rears its venerable head above the tide. A fine sweep of country appears sloping to the south. Warton Cragg presents itself to the right with the ruins of a beacon on its summit. Grounds, variegated to the eye by every pleasing form for many a mile, are terminated by the cloud-topped Ingleborough. A little further, on the same hand, another vale opens to the sands, and shows a broken ridge of rocks. Castle Steads, a pyramidal hill, rising above the station at Kendal, is now seen. At the bottom of the bay stands Arnside Tower, once a mansion of the Stanleys.

Cartmel is placed in a luxuriantly wooded valley; the church rises grandly, and is an interesting object from many points. The streets are narrow, the houses irregularly built, and the chief support of the inhabitants is derived from the expenditure of the numerous persons who visit this place in the summer months, on account of the medicinal properties of its medicinal spring, or well, situated at the base of a projecting rock, about three miles to the south of the town.

The Cartmel Coast now becomes more pleasing. Betwixt that and Silver-dale-nab, a mountain of naked rock, there is a great break in the coast, through which runs the river Kent. In the mouth of the estuary are two beautiful conical isles, which often seem to vary their appearance as we approach them. Here a grand view of the Westmorland mountains opens; and at the head of the estuary just mentioned, Heversham village and church appear under a beautiful green hill. On the north is Whitbarrow Scar, a huge arched and bended cliff. At the side of the Eau, or river of the sands, a guide on horseback, called the *Carter*, waits to conduct passengers over the Ford. It is three miles across from

Cork-lane, where we quit the sands, to Sand-gate: we then pass through Flookburgh once a market-town. The Ford over the river Leven, between Flookburgh and Ulverston, is subject to many changes; but when higher up the river, the way to the sands is by Holker Hall, or Warf-flat.

Holker Hall is embosomed in wood. On the left, Ulverston bay opens into the great bay and is three miles over: on the right, a fine slope of enclosed grounds, mixed with wood, leads the eye to Ulverston; the port and mart of Furness-Conishead then shews its pyramidal summit completely clothed in woods; at its feet is the priory. Bardsea stands in a delightful point of view under its rocks and hanging woods. A white house on the sea bank, under the cover of a deep wood, has a picturesque appearance. The road from Backbarrow to Bigland Hall to Cartmel, placed in a luxuriant valley, has fine scenery attached to it. Wraysholm Tower, an old farm-house, is half a mile to the left of the traveller as he passes between sand and sand; and near it is Humphrey Head, a promontory rising boldly from the sea, and at the foot of this hill is the famous Spa called Holy Well, said to be serviceable in cutaneous disorders. Cork Hall is an ancient farm-house; Grange, situated on a steep bank, above the sea, three miles east of Cartmel, is esteemed the most picturesque village in that neighbourhood. On crossing the Leven sands to Ulverston, on the right, we have a grand view of alpine scenery.

Whilst a traveller is passing Lancaster Sands, his notice is not so much attracted by the objects of the surrounding country, as by the *sands themselves*. For when he has got a few miles from the shore, the nature of the plain on which he treads cannot but suggest a series of ideas of a different kind from those of rural elegance, and which naturally force themselves upon his attention. The plain is then seemingly immense in extent, continued on in a dead level, and uniform in appearance. As he pursues his

often *trackless* way, he will recollect, that probably, but a few hours before, the whole expanse was covered with some fathoms of water, and that in a few more, it will as certainly be covered again. At the same time he may also perceive on his left hand, the retreated Ocean ready to obey the mysterious laws of its irresistible movement, without any visible barrier to stay it a moment where it is. These considerations, though they may not be sufficient to alarm, must yet be able to rouse the mind to a style of more than ordinary attention. But when the traveller reaches the side of the *Eau*, these affections will be greatly increased: he there drops down a gentle descent to the edge of a broad and seemingly impassable river, where the only remains he can perceive of the surrounding lands, are the tops of distant mountains. But having crossed the river, the stranger traveller, at length freed from every petty anxiety, will feel more inclination to survey the objects around him, especially those peculiar to an arm of the sea; as fishermen, ships, sea-fowl, shells, weeds, &c. But if the sun shine forcibly, he will perhaps be most entertained with observing the little gay promontories of land that seem to hover in the air, or swim on a luminous vapour, that rises from the sand, and fluctuates upon its surface.

EXCURSION II.

Ulverston to Furness Abbey.

	Miles.	Miles.
Ulverston to Dalton		5¾
Furness Abbey	1¾	7
Back to Ulverston	7	14

Ulverston, by the western side of the Lake, to the New Inn at Coniston Water Head.

Ulverston to Bowdray Bridge, near Nibthwaite, either by Lowick, or by Penny Bridge		8¾
Oxen Houses	3	11¾
Torver	2	13½
Coniston Church	2½	16
Inn at Water Head	1	17

But the Road usually travelled is by the eastern side of the Lake.

	Miles.	Miles.
To Nibthwaite		8½
New Inn	7½	16

From Ulverston the road turns to the southward, and we pass Conishead Priory and Bardsea Hall on the left. The village of Pennington lies at a short distance from the road, on the right, nearly opposite to which, on the left, is the little tarn or lake of Urswick; rather more than a mile from which appears Gleaston Castle. Proceeding through the village of Lindal we leave Titup on the right, Adgerly and Stainton on the left, and arrive at Dalton.

The magnificent remains of the Abbey of Furness, situated about a mile south of Dalton, in a valley called Beacon's Gill, are very correctly deseribed by the elegant pen of Mrs. Radcliff.

Beneath the brow on which the Church of Dalton and tower stand, a brook flows through a narrow valley, that winds about a mile and a half to the abbey. In the way thither, we passed the entrance of one of the very rich iron mines, with which the neighbourhood abounds; and the deep red tint of the soil that overspreads almost the whole of the country between Ulverston and the monastery, sufficiently indicates the nature of the treasures beneath.

"In a close glen, branching from the valley, shrouded by winding banks, clumped with old groves of oak and chesnut, we found the magnificent remains of Furness Abbey. The deep retirement of its situation, the venerable grandeur of its gothic arches, and the luxuriant, yet ancient trees, that shadow this forsaken spot, are circumstances of picturesque, and, if the expression may be allowed, of sentimental beauty, which fill the mind with solemn, yet delightful, emotion. This glen is called the Vale of Nightshade, or, more literally from its ancient title, Bekangsgill, 'the glen of deadly nightshade,' that plant being abundantly found in the neighbourhood.

"Its romantic gloom, and sequestered privacy, particularly adapted it to the austerities of monastic life; and in the most retired part of it, King Stephen, while Earl of Mortaign and Bulloign, founded, in the year 1127, the magnificent monastery of Furness, and endowed it with princely wealth and almost princely authority, in which it was second only to Fontaine's Abbey, in Yorkshire.

"The windings of the glen conceal these venerable ruins, till they are closely approached; and the by-road that conducted us, is margined with a few ancient oaks, which stretch their broad branches entirely across it, and are fine preparatory objects to the scene beyond. A sudden bend in this road brought us within a view of the northern gate of the abbey, a beautiful gothic arch, one side of which is luxuriantly festooned with nightshade. A thick grove of plane trees, with some oak and beech, overshadow it on the right, and lead the eye onward to the ruins of the abbey, seen through this dark arch in remote perspective, over rough but verdant ground. The principal features are the northern window, and part of the eastern choir, with glimpses of shattered arches and stately walls beyond, caught between the gaping casements. On the left, the bank of the glen is broken into knolls, capped with oaks, which, in some places, spread downwards to a stream that winds round the ruin, and darken it with their rich foliage. Through this gate is the entrance to the immediate precincts of the abbey, an area, said to contain 65 acres, now called the deer-park; it is inclosed by a stone wall, on which the remains of many small buildings, and the faint vestiges of others, still appear; such as the porter's lodge, mills, granaries, ovens, and kilns, that once supplied the monastery; some of which, seen under the shade of fine old trees, that on every side adorn the broken steeps of this glen, have a very interesting effect.

"Just within the gate, a small manor-house of modern date, with its stables and other offices, breaks

discordantly upon the lonely grandeur of the scene. Except this, the character of the deserted ruins is scrupulously preserved in the surrounding area: no spade has dared to level the inequalities which fallen fragments have occasioned in the ground, or shears to clip the wild underwood that overspreads it; but every circumstance conspires to heighten the solitary grace of the principal object, and to prolong the luxurious melancholy which the view of it inspires. We made our way among the pathless fern and grass to the north end of the church, now, like every other part of the abbey, entirely roofless; but shewing the lofty arch of the great window, where, instead of the painted glass that once enriched it, are now tufted plants, and wreaths of nightshade. Below is the principal door of the church, bending into a deep round arch, which, retiring circle within circle, is rich and beautiful; the remains of a winding staircase are visible within the wall on its left side. Near this northern end of the edifice, is seen one side of the eastern choir, with its two slender gothic window frames; and on the west, a remnant of the nave of the abbey, and some lofty arches, which once belonged to the belfry, now detached from the main building.

"To the south, but concealed from this point of view, is the chapter-house, some years ago exhibiting a roof of beautiful gothic fret-work, and which was almost the only part of the abbey thus ornamented; its architecture having been characterized by an air of grand simplicity, rather than by the elegance and richness of decoration, which at an after date, distinguished the gothic style in England. Over the chapter-house were once the library and scriptorium; and beyond it are still the remains of cloisters, of the refectory, the locutorium, or conversation room, and the calefactory. These, with the walls of some chapels, of the vestry, a hall, and of what is believed to have been a school-house, are all the features of this noble edifice that can easily be traced: winding stair-cases within the surprising thickness of

the walls, and door-cases involved in darkness and mystery, the place abounds with.

"The abbey, which was formerly of such magnitude as nearly to fill up the breadth of the glen, is built of a pale red stone, dug from the neighbouring rocks, now changed by time and weather to a tint of dusky brown, which accords well with the hues of plants and shrubs, that every where emboss the mouldering arches.

"The finest view of the ruin is on the east side, where, beyond the vast shattered frame that once contained a rich painted window, is seen a perspective of the choir and of the distant arches; remains of the nave of the abbey, closed by the woods. This perspective of the ruin is said to be 287 feet in length; the choir part of it is in width only 38 feet inside, but the nave is 70: the walls, as they now stand, are 54 feet high, and in thickness five. Southward from the choir, extend the still beautiful, though broken, pillars and arcades of some chapels now laid open to the day; the chapter-house, the cloisters, and, beyond all, and detached from all, is the school-house, a large building, the only part of the monastery that still boasts a roof.

"As soothed by the venerable shades, and the view of a more venerable ruin, we rested opposite to the eastern window of the choir, where once the high altar stood, and with five other altars, assisted the religious pomp of the scene, the images and the manner of times that were past, rose to reflection. The midnight procession of monks, clothed in white, and bearing lighted tapers, appeared to the "mind's eye" issuing to the choir through the very door-case by which such processions were wont to pass from the cloisters to perform the matin service, when, at the moment of their entering the church, the deep chanting of voices was heard, and the organ swelled a solemn peal. To Fancy, the strain still echoed feebly along the arcades, and died in the breeze among the woods, the rustling leaves mingling with the close.

It was easy to image the abbot and the officiating priests, seated beneath the richly-fretted canopy of the four stalls, that still remain entire in the southern wall, and high over which is now perched a solitary yew-tree, a black funereal memento to the living of those who once sat below.

"Of a quadrangular court on the west side of the church, 384 feet long, and 102 feet wide, little vestige now appears, except the foundation of a range of cloisters, that formed its western boundary, and under the shade of which the monks, on days of high solemnity, passed in their customary procession round the court. What was the belfry is now a huge mass of detached ruin, picturesque from the loftiness of its shattered arches, and the high inequalities of the ground within them, where the tower that once crowned this building, having fallen, lies in vast fragments, now covered with earth and grass, and no longer distinguishable but by the hillock they form.

"The school-house, a heavy structure, attached to the boundary wall on the south, is nearly entire, and the walls, particularly of the portal, are of enormous thickness; but, here and there, a chasm discloses the staircases, that wind within them to the chambers above. The school-room below shews only a stone bench, that extends round the walls, and a low stone pillar in the eastern corner, on which the teacher's pulpit was formerly fixed. The lofty vaulted roof is scarcely distinguishable, by the dusky light admitted through one or two narrow windows, placed high from the ground, perhaps for the purpose of confining the scholar's attention to his book.

"This once magnificent abbey was dedicated to St. Mary, and received a colony of monks from the monastery of Savigny, in Normandy, who were called grey monks, from their dress of that colour, till they became Cistercians, and with the severe rules of St. Bernard, adopted a white habit, which they retained till the dissolution of monastic orders in England. The original rules of St. Bernard partook,

in several instances, of the austerities of those of La Trappe, and the society did not very readily relinquish the milder laws of St. Benedict, for the new rigours imposed upon them by the parent monastery of Savigny. They were forbidden to taste flesh, except when ill, and even eggs, butter, cheese, and milk, but on extraordinary occasions; and denied even the use of linen and fur. The monks were divided into two classes, to which separate departments belonged. Those who attended the choir slept upon straw, in their usual habits, from which at midnight they rose and passed into the church, where they continued their hymns during the short remainder of the night. After this first mass, having publicly confessed themselves, they retired to their cells, and the day was employed in spiritual exercises, and in copying or illuminating manuscripts. An unbroken silence was observed, except when after dinner they withdrew into the Locutorium, where for an hour they were permitted the common privileges of social beings. This class was confined to the boundary wall, except that on some particular days the members of it were allowed to walk in parties beyond it, for exercise and amusement; but they were seldom permitted either to receive or pay visits. Like the monks of La Trappe, however, they were distinguished for extensive charities, probably consisting of such meat, offal, &c. which they could not otherwise dispose of; hence poor travellers were so scrupulously entertained at the abbey, that it was not till the dissolution that an inn was thought necessary in this part of Furness, when one was opened for the accommodation of people of business, of which there were few or none before.

"This was the second house in England that received the Bernardine rules, the most rigorous of which, however, were dispensed with in 1485, by Sixtus IV., when, among other indulgences, the whole order was allowed to taste meat on three days of the week. With the rules of St. Benedict the monks had ex-

changed the grey habit for a white cassock, with a white caul and scapulary. But their choir dress was either white or grey, with caul and scapulary of the same, and a girdle of black wool; over that a mozet, or hood, and a rochet. When they went abroad, they wore a caul and full black hood.

"The deep forests that once surrounded the abbey and overspread all Furness, contributed, with its insulated situation, on a neck of land running out into the sea, to secure it from the depredations of the Scots, who were continually committing hostilities on the borders. On a summit over the abbey are the remains of a beacon or watch-tower, raised by the society for their further security. It commands extensive views over Low Furness, and the bay of the sea immediately beneath; looking forward to the town and castle of Lancaster, appearing faintly on the opposite coast; on the south to the isles of Walney, Foudrey, and their numerous islets, on one of which stands Peel Castle; and on the north to the mountains of High Furness and Conistone, rising in a grand amphitheatre round this inlet of the Irish Channel.

"From Hawcoat, a few miles to the west of Furness, the view is still more extensive, whence, in a clear day, the whole length of the Isle of Man may be seen, with a part of Anglesea, and the mountains of Caernarvon, Merionethshire, Derbyshire, and Flintshire, shadowing the opposite sides of the horizon of the channel.

The country to the north west of Dalton is pleasantly diversified, and is crossed by the ancient road into Cumberland, which ascending into the market place at Dalton, traverses the rocky eminence above the town; then winds across a narrow vale to St. Helen's Chapel, and descending into the vale of Goldmire, proceeds to Roanhead, and over Duddon sands. On the side of a pleasant vale, about three miles and a half to the south of Dalton, we come to the ruins of Gleaston Castle, the ancient residence of

the lords of Aldingham. From Dalton to Gleaston is a pleasant ride of four miles. Dendron, the next place, two miles and a half from Dalton, is shaded with trees; on the sea shore, two or three miles from Gleaston, is Aldingham. Here stood Aldingham Hall, the residence of the Fleming family. On the banks of Urswick Tarn stand the church and villages of Great and Little Urswick. Swartmoor Hall, between Urswick and Ulverston, was the residence of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends.

The road from Ulverston by Penny Bridge, to Coniston Water, though it has not the advantage of distant prospects like those on the Lowick road, has, nevertheless, many charms. From Penny Bridge there is, on each side of the river Crake, a pretty road to Coniston Water; that on the western side is the principal. Coniston Water is six miles in length, and its greatest breadth three quarters of a mile. The carriage road that encloses it is often on the margin, and scarcely ever a mile from it. The views on each side of this lake are interesting by their variety and beauty. From West's station the road ascends rather steeply from the margin of the lake, and soon passes Coniston Bank, the seat of Thomas North, Esq. Bank ground, the residence of Mr. Thomas Macreth, is nearer the head of the lake than Coniston Bank. About three quarters of a mile from the inn, the Hawkshead and Coniston road leaves that to Coniston; but Tent Lodge, the seat of George Smith, Esq. soon presents itself on the left. From the back grounds of this house, the slate quarry is seen about a quarter of a mile distant. From Tent Lodge to the inn, Waterhead house, the seat of Michael Knott, Esq. is occasionally seen. The new inn at Waterhead affords good entertainment. *Char*, though only in high season during the winter months, is, nevertheless, kept in coops for the accommodation of strangers. Boats are let by Mr. Whittle for the use of tourists; the house adjoins the road, and this is near the lake; the grandest scene

is about two miles from the head and from the middle. Looking towards the mountains, the lake spreads itself into a noble expanse of transparent water, and bursts into a bay on each side, bordered with verdant meadows and enclosed with a variety of grounds.

The prevailing character of Coniston Lake is the romantic; and this character gives such scope to the imagination, and where it is prominent, the beauty of the landscape must be supreme. The small island covered with shrubs that rises in the centre, adds to its picturesque effect, which is increased by the black peak of Torver and Coniston Hall, a grey ivied mansion. Nothing can be more delightful than the navigation of this lake. Nor is a ride round its shores less attractive. Farther down is a single cottage on the lake's brink, screened by a thick copse that rises up the bank. Behind these are a range of rugged rocks, in a dark semi-circle, enclosed by the Coniston Fells and the rocks of Torver, huge, black, and stupendous; while the unexplored mountains of Cove, Rydal Head, and others without a name, overtop the whole. Persons who visit these romantic regions may be satisfied with learning, that the horses are sure footed and easy, the guides civil, attentive, and sober, and the inns clean, comfortable, and reasonable.

Some years ago, a few lines appeared in the public prints, said to have been presented by Mr. Southey to a guide who conducted him through some passes in Switzerland, and who, on leaving him, requested a character. Since that time, with a small alteration, they have been adapted to a guide belonging to one of our own lakes, as follows:—

By my button, this Hutton
Is an excellent guide;
A horseman, a footman, a boatman beside,
A Geologician, a Metaphysician,
Who searches how causes proceed,
A system inventer, an experimenter,

He'll raise Epemedium for seed.
Each rock and each dell, he knows it full well,
The minerals and fossils therein;
Each mountain and fountain, the lakes and the brakes,
Every town every village and inn.
Take him for your guide, he has often been tried,
And was always found useful, when needed,
In fair or foul weather you may travel together,
And shake hands at parting, as we did.

A neat gothic residence has lately been erected near the head of Coniston Water, by a gentleman from Bristol. The architecture much resembles that of Aldcliffe Hall. At the head of the lake some of the mountains of Coniston, Yewdale, and Tilberthwaite, locally brown, grey, and purple, are softened down into the most harmonious views, and beyond them are Rydal, Grassmere, and Wythburn, which from their great distance frequently mix with the azure of the heavens above them; but, between the high lands and the lake at its head, the eye may discover in little white and grey specks, various habitations sparkling from amongst the trees. Among the distant mountains, Fairfield and Helvellyn are the principal.

At Oxen-houses the road leaves Coniston Lake, after which, for a considerable distance it only appears in retrospect, southward, and towards Nibthwaite. At Torver, the traveller will join the public road from Broughton to Ambleside. From Torver to Coniston, the mountains are occasionally shut out by intervening pastures and meadow grounds, interspersed with farm-houses and cottages, till he arrives at the bridge and church of Coniston, near which there is an excellent public-house. Coniston Hall stands on the margin of the lake, about a mile from the church, on the right hand. This noble ruin has been spoiled by severing the projecting wings from the main body of the building; the chambers of this ancient hall are now used as depositories for corn.

A peep of the lake on the right, carries the eye

nearly to its head, in a succession of pretty bays; and the fells of Yewdale form an interesting background to the whole.

About half way between Coniston church and the inn on the left, we come to Thwaite under the brow of a venerable wood; this was the residence of the late David Kirkby, Esq. But to return to Lowick bridge, in order to conduct the tourist up to the eastern side of Coniston Water; Mr. West says, a little above the village of Nibthwaite, the lake opens in full view. Two promontories, however, project a great way into it. A house may also be seen on the crown of a rock, covered with ancient trees, that presents a most romantic appearance.

The grand cluster of Lancashire mountains, probably covering an horizontal area of thirty square miles, is joined by those of Cumberland and Westmorland, five or six miles west, and north of the upper part of Coniston Lake. From Coniston Waterhead, Coniston Hall is a fine object; the Man Mountain, the Carro, and Enfoot, close this admirable scene, which is made much more interesting after heavy showers of rain, by the variety of sparkling waterfalls that issue from the fissures of the mountains.

EXCURSION III.

From the New Inn to Levers Water.

	Miles.	Miles.
To the Black Bull		1
North side of Levers Water	2½	3½
If with a guide, return by low water.		
From Levers Water to Low Water	1	4½
Coniston Church	2	6½
Water Head	1	7½
From the Water Head Inn to Yewdale and Tilberthwaite.		
To Yewdale Grove		1
Low Yewdale	1	2
Shepherd's Bridge	½	2½
Tilberthwaite	1½	4
Junction of the Langdale Road from Ambleside	1½	5½

Return to Shepherd's Bridge.

	Miles.	Miles.
From the Inn by Yewdale Grove .		$2\frac{1}{2}$
Yew Tree . . .	1	
The Inn at Water Head . .	$1\frac{1}{2}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
If Tilberthwaite be added . .	3	5
And Langdale . . .	3	8

LEVERSWATER.

A mountain trip rarely equalled is that by the Black Bull in Coniston to Leverswater. The road is steep and angular, bearing in its progress to every point in the compass. Two copper-mines are passed; one near the outlet of the tarn. Leverswater is probably a mile in circumference; it is enclosed by steep and craggy heights, on all sides, but to the south-west of Leverswater, about a mile distant, is the small lake called Goat's Tarn, which, like Leverswater, communicates with Coniston Water, but nearer to its centre and by a more circuitous passage. The best way to this place is to leave the Walna Scar road, where that to the old quarry deviates on the right; from which road the grand rocks, called Dove Crag, rising majestically above Goat's Water, are in full view; and on the left the way winding up the breast of Walna Scar. Goat's Water is scarcely half a mile long; its stony margin on the east is profuse in foregrounds for the towering rocks on the other side. Numerous are the ravens that occasionally visit these craggy summits.

Dark frowns the cliff upon the mountain stream,
That 'gainst its time-strewn fragments breaks below,
And all in unison its waters flow
With the wild scene around.—The wailing scream
Of the lone raven from the stunted yew,
Heard ominous, alone its solitude
Disturbs; and, on the awe-struck mind intrude,
Thoughts, that its inmost energies subdue
To their strong workings.—On the rocky steep
Dimly the grey-haired son of song appears;

While o'er the harp his airy fingers sweep,
And at his bidding forms of other years
Start into being.—Mighty men of yore,
Like the wild dreams that fashion'd them—no more.

The ascent from Goat's Water to Seathwaite Tarn, is over a pass little inferior in height to the top of the Man, or any of its neighbouring summits.

Yewdale Crag.

From Leverswater there is a way to Low Water, a little lake just under the top of the Old Man, but this is rugged ground and should not be undertaken without a guide. Yewdale Grove, the seat of T. Woodville, esq. is about a quarter of a mile from Coniston church. The road to Yewdale Grove is chiefly over easy ground. Leaving this, a river rumbling on the right, displays a succession of pretty little waterfalls. The features of Yewdale Crag are peculiar, being formed of perpendicular rocks, which rise in embattled perspective to a vast height: from the rocks and spaces between the crown of one rock and the base of another, oak, ash, and birch trees, riot in wild abundance. The road is pleasant all the way to Shepherd's bridge,

From this place, having the moor on the right, there is a road through Tilberthwaite to Little Langdale, passing some of the greatest slate quarries in the county. Penny Rigg is the first quarry on the left. The first house in Tilberthwaite has one of those old-fashioned slate galleries, formerly so common in this country. Beyond this place the road ascends, and from its summit the mountains of Seathwaite, Eskdale, Great and Little Langdale, recreate the sight all the way to the old Bell-horse road from Kendal to Whitehaven, over Hardknot and Wrynose, with which it joins near Langdale Tarn. From Shepherd's Bridge there is a road to Ambleside, keeping the river on the left. From Shepherd's Bridge to the yew tree is scarcely a mile: here are also a few houses called by the same name. Leaving these the road crosses a stream issuing from three

little tarns in the bosom of the mountains, and soon joins one from Ambleside, by Skelwith Bridge.

EXCURSION IV.

From the New Inn to Seathwaite.

	Miles.	Miles.
Coniston Church . . .		1
Torver	2½	3½
Broughton . . .	7	10½
Duddon Bridge . . .	1	11½
Ulpha Kirkhouse . . .	3½	15
Newfield, near Seathwaite Chapel .	2	17

Or, nearer, passing Broughton Mills,

to Torver		3½
Broughton Mills . . .	5	8½
Newfield	4	12½

Or, still nearer, and more rich in Prospects,

to Coniston Church . . .		1
Runner from Goat's-water . .	2	3
Top of Walna Scar . . .	1	4
Newfield	2	6

These Roads form two Routes, first by Broughton, returning over Walna Scar, 23½ miles;

Or, by Broughton Mills, returning over Walna Scar, 16½ miles.

About a mile beyond Torver Church, seven miles on this side Broughton, there is the choice of two roads; the old road is over high ground, and commands a view of the river Duddon, with the beautiful shores of Lancashire and Cumberland stretching each way from its margin. Broughton Tower seated on the crown of a hill, is an interesting object; at length fertility is gradually lost in the superior heights of Black Comb in Cumberland, and the high lands between Kirby and Ulverston. The river Duddon is famous for its cockles and muscles, which are large and well flavoured. This river is navigable for small craft almost to Duddon-Bridge, only one mile from the town of Broughton. The views from the bridge, either on the Lancashire or Cumberland side, are very fine. Ulpha Crag is a

striking feature in these scenes. About a mile above the bridge is the seat of Richard Towers, Esq. surrounded by rich wood and rocky elevations. Haws Bridge, something higher on the river, consists of two arches, which spring from perpendicular rocks at least three yards above the water.

At Ulpha Kirk House, more than four miles from Broughton, where there is a little inn, the road enters Cumberland: the church is not far from the bridge.

Goldrill Crag, on the right of the Duddon, about two miles from Seathwaite Chapel, is in Cumberland; it is a beautiful scene, and different in its character to any other about the lakes. From hence it is about two miles to the top of Wrynose, the extremity of Seathwaite.

Donnerdale,

Or the Vale of the Duddon, and the adjoining Vale of the Esk, it is said are rarely visited by travellers. Donnerdale is best approached by Coniston over Walna Scar, down to Seathwaite, New-field, and to the rocks where the river issues from a narrow pass into the broad vale. The stream is very interesting a full mile beyond this point, and below, by Ulpha Kirk, till it enters the sands, where it is overlooked by the solitary mountain Black Comb.

" Close by the sea, lone sentinel,
Black Comb his forward station keeps;
He breaks the sea's tumultuous swell,
And ponders o'er the level deeps;
He listens to the bugle horn,
Where Eskdale's lovely valley bends;
Eye's Walney's early fields of corn,
Sea-birds to Holker's wood he sends.

An ingenious writer in the Lonsdale Magazine, thus describes a visit to the vale of Duddon, on the evening of the 19th of October, 1820.

Having passed through Spark Bridge, a village on the river Crake, I observed a furnace and a cot-

ton manufactory, appearances more manufacturing than pastoral. From Lowick there is a grand view of the Conistone mountains on my right:—the Old Man is seen rising between two others, but towering far above them. I enquired the name of this mountain from a boy trundling a hoop, and from a woman who had, probably, lived all her life within sight of it, but neither could give me the desired information. This reminded me of a circumstance somewhat similar that occurred to a friend of mine, when travelling in this part of the country. Having inquired of a woman whom he met, the name of a hill within view? She replied, in angry tone, that "she knew nothing about it, she had something else to do than go maundering about enquiring the names of hills."—The road from Lowick passes over Kirkby fell, on which there are some slate quarries. I went into one close by the road side, in which there were about a dozen men at work. An old man was employed on the almost perpendicular side of the rock, fifteen or twenty yards from the bottom. He had only a very narrow space to stand upon, and what apparently increased his danger, was his having on his feet, what they call in this country clogs, which are shoes with wooden soles, shod with iron. He was working with an iron crow. The least accident might cause him to lose his centre of gravity, and then nothing could save him from instant destruction, but laying hold of a rope which hung near him, suspended from above. He said he had worked in the quarry more than thirty years. When within about three or four miles of Broughton, came within sight of the mountain Black Comb, rising dark and majestic on the other side of the vale of Duddon. The little town of Broughton is situated in a broad rich valley, about a mile east of the bridge over the Duddon. I staid all night at the Old King's Head, where I had good accommodation at a moderate charge. An intelligent young man, Mr. G—, the son of a respectable inhabitant of the place,

whom I met with at the inn, though I was quite a stranger to him, offered to accompany me next morning to a Druidical antiquity in the neighbourhood. It would seem that Broughton is in a healthy situation, for walking out in the morning before breakfast in the church-yard, the first tomb-stone I met with was in memory of a family remarkable for longevity. It mentioned Mr. Watters, of Broughton, surgeon, who died 1767, aged 78, and of Anne, his wife, in 1791, aged 104 years. Also, Thomas Watters, aged 101, his wife Mary, 94. Another Watters, 80, and his wife, 84. I was told of another of the family, who died lately at upwards of 100—not commemorated.

At half past eight I set out with Mr. G. to visit the Druidical circle on Black Comb, called by the country people, "Sunken Church." The Duddon is here a fine stream, requiring a bridge of three arches, up to which the tide flows. At a forge, or furnace, we inquired of two of the workmen, black as demons, the road up to the mountain. After rather a steep ascent along a rough wooded road, we arrived at the first level of the mountain, and from a hill had a prospect which well rewarded us, though disappointed in seeing "Sunken Church," excepting at a distance. We could perceive it in the middle of a field, about half a mile west of us; but a deep ravine, through which flowed a bridgeless flood, swollen by the late rains, prevented our nearer approach. The summit of the mountain beyond was involved in clouds. But turning to the west, we had a grand view—the town of Broughton below us, lying snugly under a grove of firs—farther south, the estuary of Duddon, filled with the tide, shewed a large lake; with two or three small vessels sailing upon it;—on the other side were seen Kirby fell, and the fertile tract of Low Furness—and beyond a promontory, the Isle of Walney, with Peel Castle on its extreme southern point. I am told that the prospect from the summit of Black Comb, when the weather is favourable, is one of

the finest and most extensive in the north of England. We descended the mountain obliquely to the left. Mr. G. pointed out to me a house, which goes by the name of Thimble Hall. One might wonder from its bleak and elevated situation, what could have induced any mortal to build it. As its name imports, it was erected by a tailor, who having emigrated to London, and thriven in business, retained so much love for his native place, (though so unattractive in all other eyes,) as to come here and spend the evening of his days. He is yet well remembered in Broughton; and many times his boon companions from thence made Thimble Hall resound with their merriment. There is a tale told of him. That when in business he had a good round sum owing to him by a few young collegians, at Oxford. Being somewhat importunate in his demand for money, they were induced to play him a prank. One of his creditors wrote him a polite letter, apologizing for the delay, and stating, that in order to make some reparation, he and other creditors had agreed to give him an entertainment, and that if he would be kind enough to come down to Oxford they would be glad to see him, and the money should at all events be provided. The Knight of the Thimble accordingly posted down. There was no money for him, as may be guessed, but he was so well plied with intoxicating liquors, as to be deprived of all sense and motion—put into a hamper, with a direction, and sent by the coach to his own house in London. When he came to himself he was so ashamed of the circumstance, that he never troubled them afterwards. But it should be mentioned to the honour of one of these wags, that having succeeded to a handsome property, he remitted the tailor the amount of his debt, with the interest till the day it was paid.

We passed Duddon Grove the seat of Richard Towers, Esq, pleasantly situated among woods.

A new road has been made from the Grove up the

Cumberland side of the river. I here parted with Mr. G. and, after thanking him most cordially for his attention, proceeded alone. The road presently ended in a meadow, being finished no farther—and I had to cross a wood through which there was no path: and as it was wet from the showery weather—this was sufficiently disagreeable. I was told it was doubtful whether this new road would ever be completed. The rains here are so sudden and heavy—and the floods descend with such fury from the mountains, that the conduits are not sufficient to receive the water, which then flows over the road, washing away the gravel and stones of which it is composed. Pass Ulpha Mill, a new building, still travelling along the new road, with Rainsbarrow, a wooded mountain on my left. Reach the Kirk of Ulpha, a little low edifice with only three windows on a side, and two small bells hanging side by side in the open air, no tomb-stones—nothing but green mounds of earth point out the graves. It was now twelve o'clock, and the sun broke out after a showery morning, and shone sweetly up the valley:—I stood leaning upon the church wall,—"the river's unseen gentle roar" on the east—two oaks by its side, the one with dark brown leaves, the other just fading from its summer green;—yellow variegated woods on each side of the valley—a little green field on the east, embosomed in wood, with two or three cows quietly feeding, further up and beyond, grey rocky fells, turning to the north, a huge craggy hill appearing to block up the Dale, higher up towards the east, still loftier mountains enveloped in clouds whose summits I have not yet seen.

Called at the little public-house, near the chapel, kept by John Gunson, but who, to my disappointment, was not at home. I had some curiosity to see him, from hearing the following anecdote. But I must first mention that John is said to be learned, having been educated for a clergyman. Two or three smart young fellows from a neighbouring

town, having been out on a Sunday excursion, called upon John, and regaled themselves with his ale, (for he sells no other liquor,) demanded their bill. John came, and in his country dialect said, "Nay, we niver mak any bills here," ye have so much to pay, mentioning the sum. "Oh!" replied one of the bucks, "you cannot write, that's the cause of your excuse." Upon this our honest landlord retired, and, in a short time, brought them a bill written out in the Hebrew language, which it need scarcely be said quite puzzled them.—He then sent them one in Greek, and afterwards in Latin, neither of which they could make out. They now begged that he would tell them what they had to pay, in plain English. John could now laugh heartily at their insolence.

I now pursue my way up the valley, having the Duddon still on my right hand. Turning a little to the right to inquire the road of a man whom I saw standing near a cottage, I was at first surprised that he paid no attention to what I said, but as soon as he perceived me he pointed towards the door. I went in and was told by his mother that he was deaf and dumb, as I suspected: that she had two more children suffering the same privation, but that they were all able to support themselves by their industry, and had even learned to write. The young man to whom I spoke is about thirty years of age, of a decent appearance without any thing singular, and follows the occupation of weaving. There is another, a daughter, who is apprenticed to a mantua-maker. It was not unpleasant to learn that human beings thus so pitiably deprived, should be able to support themselves and become useful members of society under circumstances apparently so afflictive. They had been born, and lived all their lives in this valley, but the brook that for ever murmurs by their door, has had no music for them—in the language of the poet,

"The vale with all its streams
Is silent as a picture."

After walking about half a mile, I crossed the river by a bridge of one arch, which seems a short time ago too have been too small for the floods that sometimes rise so suddenly among those mountains. The water had run over on one side, washed the stones and gravel from the road, and overflowed the neighbouring meadows. The vale still continues charming from its primitive simplicity.—No flaring gentleman's house, no shrubberies, no trim gravel walks,—still only shelters the "shepherd and his cot"—amid its few green fields, and native woods, planted only by the birds and the winds of heaven."

I could not but stop for sometime as I came to that part of the vale opposite the tremendous chasm of which Wallow Barrow Cragg forms one side. —The scenery is here so beautiful.—A new white cottage on the left.—Birch trees fading into yellow thinly interspersed amid fern and grey rocks in the mountain side:—Birch and a kind of elm, with a few oaks and alders rising from the river side—their foliage exhibiting such beautiful variety of hues, so graceful and wild as to appear like enchantment. The mountain heads up the dale still shrowded in mist.

I at length reached a small public house, near Seathwaite Chapel, and as it was past three o'clock, and no other higher up the dale, I determined here to stay all night.

While I was dining I found that although a stranger my fame had travelled before me. My landlady inquired if I had seen an old woman as I came up the dale. I replied I had; I recollected that one passed me on the road. "Yes," said she, "she called here, and said she had met with a queer sort of a man; he sometimes walked quick and passed her,—then he'd come up with her again, and ask her so many strange questions about the

fells and crags, that she really could not tell what to make of him, but some how she thought he was'n t quite right!" I was not a little amused when I found the good woman thought me qualified for Bedlam. It was a proof also how little this retired valley is visited by the hunters of the picturesque. No doubt the natives thought all my brother lakers as mad as myself at one period:—but use reconciles every thing:—and now, perhaps, no one here thinks the strangers shew any want of intellect—unless it be the innkeepers at their continuing to submit to their extravagant charges.

My worthy hostess, however, gave me a singular proof of her simplicity and ignorance of the world —rare qualities in a person of her profession.— When my bill came to be settled—she was not for charging for tea, because, she said, I ate next to nothing.

The Vale of Esk.

In the Vale of Esk is the interesting water-fall called Birker Force, that lies apart; and from the chasm presents a fine mountain view of Scawfell. At the head of the vale are visible remains of a Roman fortress. Birker-force, in Eskdale, is seen on the left out of the road from Ambleside to Wast Water pouring down the side of the hill. In a rainy season the torrent is immense. On the same side of the hill, but lower down the valley, is Stanley Gill. About sixteen miles from Ambleside, on the road to Wastdale, the ancient building, called Dale Garth Hall, may be seen. The water-fall, part of Stanley Gill, is more than half a mile on the left. The chasm here is awfully sublime; the rocks rise almost perpendicularly over their bases, from the rough sides of which trees impend in their richest wildness.

The traveller may now descend into Langdale. From the New Inn at Coniston Water head, to Ambleside, by Borwick ground, the distance is eight miles. The road to both places, not half a mile from the inn, passes Water-head House, the seat of Mi-

chael Knott, Esq. This house, much enlarged, is a splendid addition to the mountain.

A late visitor of Langdale observes, "I know not how I can better describe this beautiful valley, than by my father's simile. "It puts me in mind," said he, as we ascended the road by Tail End, "of a wash-hand basin, with a little drop of water in the bottom." "Yes," said my uncle, "and to complete the comparison, the island may look like a piece of soap, which some careless person has left in the water." To me, Tom, it seemed like a little vale where nature has poured all her sweets. The valley is small. A still lake sleeps in the bottom—at least it slept when we were there—a circle of majestic hills environ it on every side; yet all finely varied in their shapes. A tract of level ground, under the shelter of a towering hill, is brightened by a lovely village, with its neat white church. And you will agree with me that there is nothing so delightful as a neat village church.

On ascending the hill above Tail-end, I turned round to take perhaps a last farewell of one of the sweetest vales under heaven. "Happy tenants of this happy vale," exclaimed my sister, "you little know the blessings you enjoy. Nature has heaped her richest beauties around you. Every returning day presents you a picture which all the pencils in the world cannot imitate. Surely a scene like this must impress the heart with feelings of devotion, and prompt the ready song of praise to Him who thus bounteously prepares for the highest gratification of his creatures." "I agree with you there," said my uncle; "I have long held it as a favourite opinion, that the Deity has designed us for much of what is called the pleasures of sense. Had it not been so, why have we all this diversity of colours in nature? One would have done for use—the rest are given for pleasure. One sound might have served all the business of life; but we are presented with an almost infinite variety of

sounds all agreeable in their different tones—these are intended for pleasure. The beautiful variety in the herbs and flowers is for our amusement. Every species of tree has a different hue, because these hues are agreeable. The earth is green, the rocks are grey, and the sky is blue for our pleasure. Even these are again varied to please us—the morning is spangled with a thousand dyes, the mid-day sky is speckled with clouds, the evening tinged with gold and crimson, and the silent night gemmed with living lustre to please us. The charming sensation of heat, the softness of the grass we tread, and the sweetness of the air we breathe, are all intended to give us pleasure." And turning to my sister with a smile, "nor is 'the human face divine' less an object of pleasure. The unequalled lustre of the sparkling eye, the soft vermilion of the cheek and lip, the snowy whiteness of the teeth, the shadowy brown of those waving ringlets which adorn the face on either side, are all designed for the pleasure of man." —"But," replied my sister, with a blush, "there are persons who imagine they are pleasing our bounteous Creator, by stripping the female face of those waving ringlets you so much admire—and call it religion!" "And there are some persons," says my father, "who imagine they please themselves," looking at my sister's bonnet, "by concealing their faces altogether under a stack of straw—and call it fashion!"

This conversation was interrupted by our arriving at High Close, where we had so delightful a view of Loughrigg Tarn, with the soft meadow and woodland surrounding it; over which we caught a glimpse of Windermere, and the high grounds about Troutbeck and Orrest Head. Had the horse been as fond of rural scenery as I was, we should have gone no farther. But the cart kept moving on, and we presently found ourselves descending towards Langdale. Elterwater, with its morass, lay at our feet, and

Langdale pikes, so often an object of beauty, now stood in all their majesty close to us.

We passed a few straggling farm-houses, at Elterwater head, and began to ascend, by the slate quarries, to Little Langdale. We now found ourselves in a country of comparative barrenness. Huge misshapen hills presented themselves on every side. The roads narrow and extremely rugged, steep and difficult of ascent.

Little Langdale is constructed like a deep dish, with a small dirty tarn in the middle. This vale is situated in close contiguity to some of the highest hills in the kingdom, in consequence of which it is remarkably subject to rain. My uncle asked an old man who was looking after some sheep on the hill, "If the rain in these parts was not very detrimental to the crops?" "Wya," replied he, "it rather plagues us sometimes; but we talk of gitting a lid mead, an' then wee's be better off." "I think, indeed," said my father, "you almost might get a lid for it."

Under a lofty hill to the east side of Little Langdale, we called at a farm house belonging to an old "statesman," as they term them here, called William Tyson. The good old hospitable farmer set before us new milk, home-brewed beer, butter, bread and cheese, and kindly invited us to "help oursells." My uncle entered into conversation with him respecting the Lake Mountains. He appeared to have read nothing but the book of nature. He was well acquainted with the arrangement of the hills, and gave us a better idea of the country, my uncle observed, than could be obtained from the best written work extant. The following is the substance of the old man's remarks.

"I cannot compare the lake mountains," said William Tyson, "to nothing so natural as a cart wheel with nine spokes; only they are some of them crooked. I call the hills Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes, the nave of the wheel, and the long ridges which run from them, I call the spokes. I will be-

gin on the east side; and I will mark them on this flag with this piece of burnt wood. Those three dots altogether are Bowfell, Scawfell, and the Pikes; now, that spoke is Langdale pikes, and the range of hills which run behind Grasmere, Rydale, Ambleside, Bowness, and down to Cartmelfell.—The next spoke, look you, is yon which you see across the valley; it runs down by Coniston Old Man, and divides Torver from Seathwaite.—The third takes in Hard Knot and Wrynose, and divides Seathwaite from Eskdale.—The fourth, shoots away to Ravenglass, and divides Eskdale from Miterdale.—The fifth takes in the Screes, and divides Miterdale from Wasdale.—The sixth is a very thick knotty spoke, and takes in Yewbarrow, Seatallan, and the Pillar, and divides Wasdale from Ennerdale.—The seventh takes in High Stile and Red Pike, and divides Ennerdale from Buttermere.—The eighth takes in Cawsey Pike Grasmoor, Whiteside, and Grisdale Pike, and divides Buttermere from Borrowdale and Keswick vale.—The ninth, is a smaller spoke, and divides Borrowdale from Leaths-water.—These spokes or branches of hills, are many of them again divided into less branches, with valleys between them."

"This," observed my uncle, "is very like the account given by Mr. Wordsworth, in his late publication. Have you ever seen that book?" "No," replied the old man, "I see no books. But if we were on Bowfell, I could let you see down all these valleys in a two hours' walk; though I am so plagued with the rheumatism now, I don't think I could get up so high." "Are we to suppose," said my uncle, "that Mr. Wordsworth has borrowed this idea from the old dalelander, and then published it as his own?" "Oh, no," said my father, "Mr. Wordsworth will call it a coincidence of ideas!"

After our refreshment in Little Langdale, we proceeded to Langdale Head, along a road of nature's own making, and a rough job she had made of it. Though the jolting of the road was almost insup-

portable, the view of Blea Tarn, with Langdale Pikes beyond it, was exquisite. We rested awhile to feast on the sublime scene, before we descended the steep and rugged road into Langdale Head. This head of the vale was the wildest spot I had yet seen. Surrounded on every side but one by hills, whose summits appeared to hold communion with the skies, we saw no possible egress. A few lonely farm houses invited us to seek refreshment, which was now become necessary. The mistress of the house where we alighted, was one of those interesting females whose countenances are indexes to every thing generous. She presented us with bread and butter, and new milk. While we feasted on this delicious mountain fare, she informed us that there was no road into Borrowdale, excepting over a place called the Stake, which was so steep that we could only pass it on foot, and even that with difficulty, as it was nearly two thousand feet high. Besides, she said, the day was far advanced, and there was not another house within ten miles. And in conclusion pressed us very hard to stay all night in her cottage; where, though the fare and accommodations might be homely, the meat was wholesome, and the beds clean. My uncle felt himself so fatigued with riding over the hill from Langdale, that his own limbs and the good woman's persuasion soon induced him to accept her hospitable offer.

When we had a little recovered our fatigue, we rambled down the vale to admire the beauty and sublimity of this astonishing place. As we wandered along the margin of the river we fell in with a rather intelligent rustic, who was fishing with considerable success. My sister was exceedingly delighted with the sport, and solicited the favour of the rod to try her hand; and either by skill or chance drew a trout to the shore. She was so much elated with her success, that she would not quickly have restored the rod to its owner, had not a shower compelled us to seek shelter in the peasant's cottage, which luckily happened to be near. He kindly invited us to take

a little refreshment, as he said, "in a free way;" and we would not hurt the poor man's pride by a refusal. We must be fatigued with walking, he observed, "For these quality sort of folk can bide naught."

When we regained the farm house at Langdale Head, the farmer and his servants were coming in from the mowing field. This may appear strange when you recollect it is now the middle of August. It seemed curious to me. When we left Preston, they had nearly finished their corn harvest; and here at a distance of only sixty miles, they are commencing their hay harvest.

The farmer gave us a hearty welcome to his "humble cot and hamely fare;" he entered warmly into conversation respecting sheep farms.

While my father, my uncle, and the farmer were thus employed, I and my sister, the farmer's daughter, (a very pretty girl by the bye,) the farmer's son, and a young person or two beside, amused ourselves by telling stories behind the long table. The farmer's son, was an excellent hand; and told them with quite a dramatic effect. This manner of spending the evening appeared rather novel to me, but from what I can learn it is the usual plan in this country. When the labour of the day is over they retire to the fire, in winter; and behind the long table, or else to the stone at the door, in summer.

Seathwaite

Is a village consisting of a few houses in a secluded valley, not generally known, but greatly admired by those who do know it: it may be approached by Broughton, or by passing the high mountain called Walna Scar; or by Shepherd's Bridge to Little Langdale, and over Wrynose to Cockley Beck, which is the highest house in Seathwaite. Seathwaite is also nearly ten miles from Keswick, and so deeply sunk between the mountains, that during the depth of winter the inhabitants here never see the sun; and which even in summer seems to shine upon them with reluctance. From an opening on the left

is a view of Eagle Crag. Seathwaite stands at the foot of the mountain which contains the wad, or black-lead mines. In Seathwaite untutored nature seems to have held her dominion with a more absolute sway than in any other dale in the country; exotics have been sparingly introduced, and though there is rather a want than a redundancy of wood, an artist may think the valley is better without it. About a mile and a half to the northward is Rossthwaite, a lonely village shadowed by impending mountains, and almost secluded from the surrounding country, especially during the winter months. Here the road divides; one branch leading to the Wad-mines and Ravenglass, the other on the left to Hawkshead.

The Pikes are the highest part of that vast mass of mountain, reaching from Seathwaite in Borrowdale, to Wast-water; by some, the whole of this extended mass, with all its various summits, is called Scawfell; this, however, is the name given to the part south of Mickle door, by the Wastdale shepherds; and the highest part on the north east, they call the Pikes. But the Borrowdale shepherds call this elevated point, the High Man, or Scawfell, to distinguish it from other heaps of stones nearer Borrowdale. Westward from the High Man, lies Scawfell, which, Janus-like, being double-faced, here presents his roughly-marked front. Eskdale and Wastdale enjoy his smooth and shining side. Scawfell obscures part of the Screes and Wast-water. This aspiring station commands a more sublime, and perhaps not less elegantly varied range of mountains, dales, and sea-views, than either Skiddaw or Helvellyn. The summit of Scawfell in a straight line, is estimated at about twelve hundred yards distant from the Higher Pike; but the line of travel from one summit to the other, is over a painfully rugged road, in length not less than two miles.

Mr. Hutchinson observed growing on Scawfell that species of moss which is the food of red deer,

and during the last century one of these was chased into Wast-water, and there drowned.

EXCURSION V.

From Coniston Water-head to Hawk's-head, thence by the Grove round Esthwaite Water

	Miles.	Miles.
To Hawk's-head . . .		3
Esthwaite Water . . .	½	3½
The Grove . . .	½	4
Nearer Sawrey, by the foot of the Lake	1¼	5¼
Hawk's-head . . .	2¼	7½

Esthwaite Water is about two miles in length and half a mile across; it is encompassed by an excellent carriage road, on the right of which we pass by Grove, the seat of Thomas Beck, Esq.; on the left is Esthwaite Hall, a farm-house; a little beyond which a branch from the Ulverston road leads either to the ferry-house, or round Esthwaite water. The road from Elverston to Penny Bridge is pleasant.

Esthwaite-Water is intersected by a peninsula projecting into it from each side. These are fringed with trees and cultivated. Along the margin of the lake rise gentle hills, with plantations and pastures alternately spreading beneath white farms, distributed upon the slopes above. This charming sheet of water is surrounded by a good carriage road, and over the outlet, by which it discharges itself is a good stone bridge. A little islet, near the head of this water, is said to have floated about formerly according as the wind blew. It has certainly been stationary many years, and is at present covered with shrubs. No char is found here, though this water is connected with Windermere, but perch, pike, trout, &c. abound. Belham tarn is a little lake two miles north east of Hawkshead, going by Colt house: this tarn is connected with Windermere by a stream, passing by Low Wray. From Hawkshead the scenery improves, and is beautifully variegated all the way to Ambleside; but from Penny Bridge the country is somewhat dreary. From Sawrey to

Hawkshead the irregular figure of the lake, its pretty inclosures, woods, and buildings, with the pikes of Langdale in the distance, display many delicious Sylvan pictures.

Hawkshead is a small town situated in the vale near the lake of Esthwaite, and is protected from bleak winds by the overhanging fells of Coniston. Being the principal town of Furness, it is the centre where all business is transacted. Here is no staple manufactory, but a very considerable market on Mondays. The church here was formerly under Dalton; but made parochial by Edward Sandys, Archbishop of York, about 1580. At a short distance from Hawkshead, are the remains of a house where the representative of the Abbot of Furness resided. The Court room over the gateway, is that in which the bailiff managed the Abbot's temporal concerns.

From Hawkshead, to the ferry-house on Windermere, the road passes over hilly grounds through the village of Sawrey; the sight of Windermere from this road is very fine all the way down the hill to the flat. Bellemont was built by the Rev. Reginald Braithwaite, whose son, the Rev. Gawen Braithwaite sold it to —— Ward, Esq. of Liverpool. Field-head is the residence of James Lockhart, Esq. Keen Ground is the seat of John Rigby, Esq.

EXCURSION VI.

From Ambleside to Keswick,

	Miles.	Miles.
Rydal		1
White Moss Slate Quarry	1¼	2¼
Town End	1	3¼
Hollin Grove	¾	4
Swan Inn	¼	4½
Turnpike Gate	½	5¼
Dunmail Raise	1¼	6½
Horses Head	1¼	7¾
St. John's Vale	2¼	10
Smeathwaite Bridge	1¾	11¾
Causey Foot	2¼	14
Summit of Castlerigg	¾	14¾
Keswick	1¼	10

Nothing can exceed the interest of the ride from Ambleside to Keswick. From the bridge of Grasmere the eye ranges with rapture over its secluded valley. At the foot of Helm-crag an immense broken pile, which, like the ruin of some great citadel, guards the north-east side of the valley; the road winds through the romantic vales of Legberthwaite and St. John.

Ambleside is a small town, occupying a singularly beautiful and romantic situation at the head of Windermere: it contains a handsome church, erected in the modern Gothic style, a few years ago. It is much resorted to in the summer season by those who visit the lakes. This romantic village is thirty-seven or thirty-nine miles from Lancaster, if the Bowness road is taken. Ambleside and Keswick are the places principally from which the English lakes, the mountains and valleys around them are visited. The inns and lodging-houses, at both places, are proportionably numerous; though the population at Keswick doubles that of Ambleside. The Salutation Inn at Ambleside is spacious and airy; several post chaises and horses are kept, besides saddle horses and carts. The White Lion is the second inn, and there are several public houses where lodgings may be had; but a want of more accommodation during the travelling season, has been complained of at both places. At Low Wood, a mile and a half from Ambleside, on the Kendal road, there is a pleasant and commodious inn, chaise and horses.

Stock Gill rises on the side of Scawdale Fell, but the finest part of it is between the woollen mill and Stock Gill force, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The margin of this Gill is sometimes low, sometimes swelling; but oftener in steep and grassy banks, or bold projecting rocks, rising to a vast height. The pike of Wansfell is occasionally seen through the vista, on looking up the river, and the Langdale pikes in looking down it. The rivulet

of Stock Gill passes through Ambleside, and forms the boundary or line of separation between the parishes of Bowness and Grasmere.

Woundale Raise, is a remarkable heap of stones in this vicinity. From Ambleside is a charming excursion by Skelwith fold and Colwith force up little Langdale, Blea Tarn, and down Great Langdale. There are delightful walks in that part of Grasmere, called Easedale; and the vale is advantageously seen from Butterlip How. At the mile-stone, the sixth short of Keswick, there is a fine view of Legberthwaite with Blencathara, commonly called Saddleback. Helvellyn may be ascended from Dunmail Raise, by a foot traveller or from the inn at Wythurn. The traveller, who may thus have deviated, may rejoin the main road upon Shoulthwaite Moss, about four miles from Keswick. Soon after leaving Ambleside we pass Rydal Hall on our right, and immediately after on our left, ascending the rugged side of a rocky mountain, Rydalwater presents itself to our view. This lake is about a mile in length, and is spotted with two small islands. The water is apparently shallow, and the lake is inferior to that of Grasmere in point of beauty. A few ancient trees decorate its banks on one side, and, on the other some hoary rocks, with woods vegetating from their fissures, have a picturesque effect. This lake, as well as that of Grasmere, empties itself into the river Rothay, which, after a course of two miles loses its waters in Windermere.

Rydal Hall is situated on a gentle eminence, at the junction of two valleys, and is the seat of Sir Daniel Le Fleming, Bart. Behind this large ancient building, sheltered by tall oaks, rises the rocky mountain of Rydal Head, computed to be upwards of 3000 feet in height. At Rydal Hall are two grand cascades, one in a glen, a little above the house, to which a good road has been opened. The water is said to rush down about twenty-four feet in perpendicular height, and to occasion a considerable concussion in its fall.

The other, the celebrated waterfall at Rydal, is peculiarly beautiful, and is approached by a narrow glen till we come to a little thatched summer-house, on the banks of the river. On one of its window shutters is the date 1617. On entering the room here the view of the cascade bursts at once upon the eye, and the effect for the moment is electrical. The noise of the torrent, and the dark shade of the overhanging and surrounding trees, form a scene which excites a variety of sensations.

The first mention of this beautiful spot was made by the elegant biographer of Mr. Gray. "Nature," he observes, "has here performed every thing in little, that she usually executed upon a larger scale; and, on that account, like a miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner. Not a little fragment of rock thrown into the basin, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, and the little central current dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, but produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original on a canvas not bigger than those usually dropped in the Opera House."

Another writer describing the scene says, "the water of a small bason, hollowed in a bed of stone, and darkened by the impending foliage, is thrown into a tremulous agitation by two little streams falling six or eight feet from the clefts of a small shelf of rock. One of them is a broad ribband torrent, fretting itself into a white foam; the other a little rippling stream, whose current disperses as it falls. The fine marble slabs that form the sides of the bason are carpeted by a thick brown moss; and the light, which is denied admittance through the trees, is ushered in at the arch of a small wooden bridge above the falls, and reflected from the face of the water." From Rydal we may return by a delightful

way through coppices and verdant meadows to Ambleside.

From Low Pike, in Rydal Park, the tourist who loves mountainous prospects, may be highly gratified. Besides Rydal water he may view Grasmere, Windermere, Blencow Tarn, Elterwater, Esthwaite, and Coniston Water, the Isle of Walney, Pile of Foudrey, Duddon, Ulverston, Lancaster, and Millthorp Sands; and, at an opening between two hills, the hideous rocks in Borrowdale. A further walk of about an hour will procure a view of Skiddaw, Helvellyn, Ulswater, the Vale of St. John, and other parts of Cumberland. After such views the following lines may be aptly introduced,

Descending now from ether's pure domain,
By fancy borne to range the nether plain;
Behold all winning novelty display'd
Along the vale, the mountain, and the shade,
The scenes but late diminutive resume
Their native grandeur and their wonted bloom;
The woods expand their umbrage o'er the deep,
And with ambitious aim ascend the steep;
Stage above stage their vigorous arms invade,
The tallest cliffs, and wrap them in the shade:
Each in its own pre-eminence regains
The high dominion of the subject plains,
Smiling beneath; such smiles the people wear,
Happy in some paternal monarch's care.

Rydal Mount is the seat of William Wordsworth, Esq. the admired author of "The Excursion, a description of the scenery of the lakes in the north of England," &c. &c. Rydal water is connected with Grasmere water, which is scarcely half a mile distant from it.

The best view of Grasmere lake is from between West's station and the water, as taken by Mr. Green; this presents the island, the church, and the village. Helm Crag and Seat Sandal are the principal mountains in the distance. "The grand features of nature," says the same artist, "when happily con-

gregated, are grateful to the sentimental mind; but in serene seasons, when not a breath of air disturbs the waters of the lakes, how beautiful the reflections on its glossy bosom, particularly when the almost motionless clouds hang upon the mountains, or the receding objects are swimming in celestial azure. Such is the scene which may frequently be enjoyed from the new room at the south end of Grasmere.

"The deep hush of the vale, the town
Chiming through mournful silence, and the lake
Reflecting all the heavens."

The church-yard shaded by pines and sycamores is congenial with those who love silence and solitude. Some charitable stranger has lately added the mournful yew tree, sacred to such institutions.

Loughrigg Tarn, near Grasmere, is one of the most beautiful miniatures of its kind. It has a margin of green meadows, rocks, and rocky woods; reeds here, a few water lilies there. A little stream issues from it; but its feeding rills are so small as scarcely to be visible. Five or six cottages are reflected from its bosom; rocky and barren steeps rise up above the hanging enclosures, and the solemn pikes of Langdale overlook the ridge of land that forms the northern boundary of this fertile domain. Water fowl flock among the mountain tarns; and the lonely angler may often times be seen here.

There sometimes does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer;
The crags repeat the raven's croak
In symphony austere:
Thither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
And mists that spread the flying shroud.

Leaving Grasmere on our left we proceed along the road till we arrive at Dunmail Raise; where the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland divide is scarcely seven miles from Ambleside. Here lie the historic stones that perpetuate the name and fall of the last king of Cumberland, defeated there by

the Saxon monarch Edmund, who put out the eyes of the two sons of his adversary, and for his confederating with Leolin, king of Wales, first wasted his kingdom, and then gave it to Malcolm, king of Scots, who held it in fee of Edmund, about the years 944, or 945. The stones are a heap that have the appearance of a carn or barrow. The wall that divides the counties is built over them, which proves their priority of time in that form.

Dr. Burn calls the river, from Dunmail Raise to Grasmere Lake, Raisbeck; but from that lake to Windermere he names it Rothay, from Dunmail Raise on our right South-eastward.

Helvellyn.

Eastward of the chasm of Borrowdale and partly in Westmoreland, is the "mighty Helvellyn." Its height is three thousand and fifty five feet above the level of the sea. Huge and innumerable fragments of rock hang pendant from its sides, as if ready to fall upon, and overwhelm, the curious traveller. Its summit is extremely difficult of access, and its descent difficult, in consequence of loose stones, hard dry ground, and small rocks. The prospect from its summit is extremely extensive—Cross Fell, and Ingleborough, in Yorkshire, are distinctly visible. The Author of "A Fortnight's Ramble," visited Helvellyn from Ambleside. "We, said he," began our course by Rydal Hall, guided by Robin Partridge; and, as we surmounted the first hills, we took advantage of the morning to exert ourselves. We passed the long chain till we came to Fairfield, which composes that grand crescent, which every one looks up to with such respect, upon Windermere. In the rear is Flinty Grove, in Deepdale Head, where we look down into the entrance of Patterdale, and over the champaign part of Westmoreland. Angle Tarn, famous for fish, cuts the centre of the mountain before us. At one time we saw seven pieces of water; and, as the tide was coming in upon the Lancaster

sands, we had many salt-water lakes which were terminated by the western sea, an expanse of blue, far as the eye could reach. At a quarter past seven, after a tight tug, we reached a mountain that would make a fine race course, and then steeply descended to a Tarn, half a mile below, and had a bird's-eye view of Grasmere and Helm Crag, which has a ferruginous appearance. The water of the Tarn, just mentioned, is hid in three mountains, at the head of which is Seat Sandal.

"We then clambered upon the heap of stones *called Dolly Waggon Pike.* At half-past nine we reached Helvellyn Man, the highest point of this famous mountain. Still mountains seemed towering above hills, as if they were parents of numerous families, and Helvellyn in the centre of them. Old Man is just in sight. Place Fell cuts off a branch of Ulverston. Just under the ground called Old Church, is Red Tarn, shaped like a Bury pear. After partaking of a luxurious banquet, at a spring about two hundred yards below Helvellyn Man, the party came to a rise which is only seen from the high road, and often supposed to be the top of the mountain. Here they opened upon the peaceful view of Wythburn, beautiful though unadorned with trees."

The writer of the "Fortnight's Ramble" here observes, he took an opportunity of resting upon a snug sheep-birth, almost an asylum, as they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution, the ground was so hard and steep, and although he was master of his resolution, as he had only one arm to depend on, he would not whilst descending, have looked at any thing but his feet for all the prospects in the universe.

In the spring of 1805, a young gentleman of talents, and of a most amiable disposition, trusting too much to his own knowledge, lost his way, and perished beneath "the dark brow of themighty Helvellyn," endeavouring to cross over from Grasmere, and his remains were not discovered till

three months afterwards, when they were found guarded by a faithful female terrier, his constant attendant, during his rambles through the wilds of Cumberland and Westmoreland. This affecting incident gave birth to an exquisite poem by Mr. Walter Scott, in which, apostrophizing the guardian dog, he asks,

"How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind wav'd his garment how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?"

Mr. Wordsworth, in his poem on "*Fidelity*," thus relates a part of this story:—

"But hear a wonder, for whose sake
This lamentable tale I tell,
A lasting monument of words,
This wonder merits well.
The dog, which still was hovering nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.
Yes, proof was plain, that since that day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watch'd about the spot,
Or by his master's side.
How nourished here, through such long time,
He knows who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling great,
Above all human estimate."

The impressive grandeur of the echoes amongst the rocks and caverns here have often been remarked: but this effect is almost equalled by the reverberations of any loud sound, suddenly emitted in the wilds of these romantic eminences. "It is

utterly impossible for a lively imagination, unused to the delusion, to experience it without a momentary belief that he is surrounded by the unseen spirits of the mountains, reproving his intrusion into their *sacred recesses.*" The universal uproar which a sudden burst of laughter produces in the bosom of these precipices, has been beautifully expressed by Mr. Wordsworth, in his Lyrical Ballads:—

" 'Twas that delightful season when the broom,
Full flower'd and visible on every steep
Along the copses runs in veins of gold:
Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks,
And when we came in front of that tall rock,
Which looks towards the east, I then stopp'd short,
And trac'd the lofty barrier with my eye,
From base to summit. Such delight I found
To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower,
The intermixture of delicious hues
Along so vast a surface all at once,
In one impression, by connecting force
Of their own beauty, imag'd in the heart.
—— When I had gaz'd perhaps two minutes space,
Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laugh'd aloud:
The *rock*, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the lady's voice, and laugh'd again.
That 'ancient woman,' seated on Helm Crag,
Was ready with her cavern, *Hammar Scar*,
And the tall steep of Silver-how sent forth
A noise of laughter; Southern Loughrigg heard,
And *Fawfield* answer'd, with a mountain tone:
Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
Carried the lady's voice; Old Skiddaw blew
Her speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of *Glamarara*, southward, came the voice;
And *Kirkstone* toss'd it from his misty head.
Now whether (said I to my cordial friend,
Who, in the hey-day of astonishment,
Smil'd in my face), this were, in simple truth,

A work accomplish'd by the brotherhood
Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touch'd
With dreams, and visionary impulses,
Is not for me to tell; but sure I am
That there was a loud uproar in the hills,
And while we both were listening, to my side
The fair Joanna drew, as if she wish'd
To shelter from some object of her fear."

That '*ancient woman*' on Helm Crag, refers to the striking resemblance seen on that mountain of an old woman cowering down from Grasmere.

Leaving the majestic Helvellyn on our right, we pass Wythburn to Leathes Water.

Leathes Water.

This lake, which is sometimes called Thirlmere, is a narrow irregular sheet, about four miles in length, but in no part more than a mile broad. Numerous little bays enter into it; the eastern side of which is skirted by the immense base of Helvellyn, and fed by numerous torrents, that precipitate themselves down the sides of that mountain, and others that surround and cast a deep brown shade over the surface of Leathes Water. This is distinguished from all the lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland by a projection in its centre from each side, where the shores nearly unite, and render the passage extremely narrow and rapid, but not very deep. Over this part is an Alpine bridge, of three arches, formed of a few strong oaken planks, with a hand-rail on each side, for further security. The approach to this bridge is over a rude causeway of rough stones, upon which the arches are fixed. At the west end of the lake there is a little promontory, upon which stands a neat manor-house, shrouded with trees. On the back-ground, the broad gloomy ridges of Saddleback and Threlkeld Fells appear. The beauties of this lake are seen to most advantage from a road passable to horsemen, or persons on foot, which runs along the shore for nearly three

miles, though it is sometimes excluded by intervening rocks; yet almost its whole length is completely overhung by part of the stupendous Fells of Borrowdale. The left side of the road is strewed with huge fragments of rock, loosened and brought down from the mountains by repeated storms.

Clark's Leap is a rock, so called from a person of that name who drowned himself, being instigated so to do by his wife advising him to it, and of whom he was jealous. From an eminence on the left of the road, at the sixth mile-stone, Leatheswater is seen to great advantage, and also from another behind Dale Head House. From Leathes Water, pursuing the road to Keswick, we pass St. John's Vale, on our right, and arriving at Castlerigg, observe the hill called Druid's Temple on our right, and enter the *Vale of Keswick*.

The Vale of Keswick.

This has been aptly called "the head quarters of Tourists." The best views of Keswick Lake are from Crow Park; Friers Crag; the Stable Field close by; the Vicarage; and by taking the circuit of the lake, more distant views, and perhaps full as interesting, are from the side of Latrigg; from Ormath Water and Applethwaite; and thence along the road at the foot of Skiddaw, towards Bassenthwaite, for about a quarter of a mile. From the Castle Hill there are five bird's-eye views; and from Ashness, on the road to Wattenlath, and following the stream there downwards to the Cataract of Lowdore. There are good views along the western side of Basenthwaite Lake, and from Armathwaite at its foot, though the eastern side, on the high road, is not the most inviting. Those persons who come from Carlisle, and approach by way of Ireby, may have from the top of Bassenthwaite Hawsemach, the most striking view of the Plain of, and Lake of, Bassenthwaite, flanked by Skiddaw and terminated by Wallowcrag, on the south-east of Derwent Lake,

with an extensive view of Solway Frith, and the Scotch Mountains. Those who take the circuit of Derwent Lake, may also include Borrowdale, going as far as the Bowder Stone or Rossthwaite; Borrowdale is also conveniently seen on the way to Wastdale; or to Buttermere, by Seatoller and Honiston Crag, or over the stile to Langdale and Ambleside. Buttermere may be approached a shorter way, through Newlands, but the best way is from Scale Hill. The mountains of this vale are nowhere so impressive, as from the bosom of Crummock Lake; Scale Force is a fine water-fall.

EXCURSION VII.

From Keswick to Saddleback.

	Miles.	Miles.
Greta Bank Bridge		½
Greta Bank	½	1
Brundholm	1¼	2¼
Over the wooden bridge by Derwent fold to the common at High Row end	1	3¼
Circuitous Walk on High Row Fell to Low Fell; thence by Priestman to Linthwaite Pike	2½	5¾
Foot of Scales Tarn	½	6¼
Atkinson's Man by Sharpe Edge	½	6¾
Linthwaite Pike	¼	7
Back to Keswick	5	12

Saddleback and Scales Tarn.

The courtesy of Messrs. Calvert and Banks, in allowing strangers a passage over Greta-Bank Bridge, has furnished a new and highly-interesting footway. This road goes to the brink of a precipice on the left, rising above the Glenderaterra, a short distance from the bridge. Here are two steep descents to the river,—the first so rugged and narrow, as to be somewhat dangerous: the best way is by Brundholm, an ancient farm-house on the right, and to cross the river by a wooden bridge to Derwent Fold, and through the fields to High End, west of a line of farms leading to Threlkeld. The horse-road from

Keswick to Saddleback, is on that of Penrith to Threlkeld Town head; an acute turn to the left, at this place, leads to High Row, to a foot road. Hence the way on the left is on the side of a wall: then on the right by a delightful road cut by the shepherds on the mountain, here called High Row Fell. Towards Scales Tarn, Mr. Green, and a companion, descended steeply from Linthwaite Pike, and then in an easterly direction to the Tarn, a beautiful circular piece of transparent water. Here they found themselves engulfed in a basin of steeps, having, Tarn Crag on the north, the rocks falling from Sharp Edge on the east, and on the west, the soft turf on which they had made their downward progress. Wishing to vary their line in returning, they crossed the stream and commenced a steep ascent at the foot of Sharp Edge; but the passage gradually grew narrower, and the declivity on each hand awfully precipitous. From walking erect, they were reduced to the necessity of bestriding the ridge, or of moving on one of its sides with their hands, lying over the top as a security against tumbling into the Tarn on the left, or into a frightful gulley on the right, both of immense depth. At length gaining better ground, they had a retrospective view of Sharp Edge, the narrowest ridge on Saddleback; in places, its top is composed of loose stones and earth; and this expedition to Sharp Edge had more singularity than safety to recommend it.

Mr. Hutchinson speaks of a party who visited this Tarn on Saddleback some years before. "They began their ascent on Scales Fell: having proceeded about a mile, one of the party on looking round, was so astonished at the different appearance of objects in the valley so far beneath them, that he declined proceeding. We had not gone much further when another was taken ill and wished to lose blood and return. I was almost ready to give up my project, which I should have done with great reluctance; but, after labouring another half hour, we

gained the margin of an immense cavity, the bottom of which formed a wide basin, and was filled with water, that looked black, though smooth as glass, and covered the space of many acres."

Scales Tarn is generally sunless, and when illuminated ever so little, it is in the morning, and chiefly through the aperture formed by the running waters in the direction of Penrith. "Winding round, and keeping the cavity on our right, we attained the ridge, or summit of a rock, where we found a passage three or four yards broad; on the right, the descent to the lake looked truly awful; whilst the steep rocks on the other side were lofty, and not to be clambered by human steps." On this grassy bridge, Ottley and Green commenced their "awful descent" to the lake. Strangers should never explore difficult places without a guide, particularly in unsettled weather. "We walked back (said they) by the side next to the lake; but to look down from thence was so terrible, I could not indure it a moment. We perceived from here that our companion, whom we had left, was laid upon the ground; I pressed the guide to hasten to him, but he refused, alleging that a fog was rising and would make it very hazardous for me to explore my way alone down the mountain. In a short time we were enveloped in a very dense vapour, so that we were obliged to keep close to each other; the sudden change was almost incredible. It was with difficulty we regained the passage or dry bridge, which we missed several times, and one false step would have precipitated us into the horrid abyss. The fog soon after dispersed as suddenly as it came on, and left us under a serene sky.

EXCURSION VIII.

From Keswick round Derwent Water.

	Miles.	Miles.
Castlehead, left . .		$\frac{1}{2}$
Stable hills, right . .	$\frac{1}{2}$	1

	Miles.	Miles.
First Barrow gate	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Second Barrow gate	$\frac{1}{4}$	2
Barrow hall	$\frac{1}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{4}$
Lowdore	$\frac{3}{4}$	3
Grange Bridge	1	4
Village of Grange	$\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{1}{4}$
Manesty	$\frac{3}{4}$	5
How's End	$1\frac{3}{4}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Portinscale	2	$8\frac{3}{4}$
Keswick	$1\frac{1}{4}$	10

If the Bowder stone be visited the same will be twelve miles.

The general Aquatic excursion on Derwent Water.

	Miles.	Miles.
Walk from Keswick to the little hills to the Strand where the boats are moored		$\frac{1}{2}$
Friar Crag	$\frac{1}{2}$	1
Lord's Island	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{4}$
Stable Hills	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Broom hill	$\frac{1}{4}$	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Barrow landing place	$\frac{3}{4}$	$2\frac{1}{2}$
Floating Island	$\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Mouth of the river	$\frac{1}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{2}$
St. Herbert's Island	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$4\frac{3}{4}$
Water-end Bay and a little walking	$\frac{1}{4}$	$5\frac{1}{2}$
Derwent Isle	$1\frac{1}{4}$	$6\frac{3}{4}$
Strands Piers	$\frac{1}{4}$	7
Keswick	$\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$

Derwent water, or Keswick Lake, as it is frequently called, from its vicinity to Keswick, is on an irregular figure, somewhat approaching the oval, about three miles in length and one and a half in breadth. By several writers this has been supposed the finest lake in the north of England; but the preference has lately been almost universally awarded to Ulswater. Derwent water has peculiar charms both from beauty and wildness. It seems to be nearly of a round form, and the whole is seen at one glance, expanding within an amphitheatre of mountains, rocky but not vast: broken into many

fantastic shapes, peaked, splintered, impending, and sometimes pyramidal, opening by narrow valleys to the view of rocks, that rise immediately beyond and are again overlooked by others. The precipices seldom overhang the water: but are arranged at some distance, and the shores swell with woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. Masses of wood also frequently appear among the cliffs, feathering them to their summits; and a white cottage sometimes peeps out from their skirts. The lake in return faithfully reflects the whole picture, and so even and brilliantly pellucid is its surface, that it rather heightens than obscures the colouring. Its mild bosom is spotted by four or five small islands, of which those called Lord's and St. Herbert's, have been well wooded; but another was "deformed by buildings, stuck over it like figures upon a twelfth-cake."

Derwent Water affords abundant matter for admiration, though not of so high a character as attends Ulswater. The soft undulations of its shores, the mingled wood and pasture that paint them, the brilliant purity of the water; the fantastic wildness of the rocks, and the magnificence of the theatre they form, are circumstances, the view of which excites emotions of sweet and tranquil pleasure, softening the mind to tenderness rather than elevating it to sublimity. The wildness, seclusion, and magical beauty of this vale, seem indeed to render it the very abode for Milton's '*Comus*.' "Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries;" and we are almost tempted to suppose that he has hurled his

——" dazzling spells into the air,
Of power to cheat the eye with bare illusion,
And give it false presentments."

Mr. Wordsworth thinks the form of the lake is most perfect when like Derwent-water, and some of the smaller lakes, it least resembles that of a river; and when it is contemplated with that placid and quiet feeling, which peculiarly belongs to still water,

under the influence of no current, and of course reflecting the clouds, the light, and all the imagery of the sky, and surrounding hills, expressing also, and making visible the changes of the atmosphere; and subject to agitation only from the winds.

Mr. Hutchinson surveyed the shores and islands of Derwent-water in a boat. "We landed (says he) at St. Herbert's Island, which contains about five acres of land, now covered with young trees, and famous for being the residence of St. Herbert, a priest and confessor, who, to avoid the intercourse of man, and that nothing might withdraw his attention from unceasing mortification and prayer, chose this island for his abode. The scene around him was adapted to his gloomy ideas of religion; he was surrounded by the lake, which afforded him fish for his diet; on every hand the voice of waterfalls excited the solemnest strains of meditation; rocks and mountains were his daily prospect, where barrenness and solitude seemed to take up their eternal abode; from the situation of this place, nature hath given three parts of the year to impetuous hurricanes and storms, the fourth alone provides for the rest Here this recluse erected an hermitage, the remains of which are visible to this day, being a building of stone, formed into two apartments; the outward one about twenty feet long and fifteen broad, the other of narrower dimensions. He was contemporary with St. Cuthbert, and, as the legends of that time say, by the prayers of that saint, obtained a joint or equotemporary death with him, in the year of our Lord 608. There is no history of his life and actions to be met with, or any tradition of his works of piety or miracles preserved by the inhabitants of the country.

"We now pursued our voyage by a noble woody scene, where Brandelow Park, arising from the edge of the lake, with stately young oaks, extends its groves over two round hoes or eminences, and behind them (after covering a little intervening val-

ley) rises on the side of a mountain to a considerable height, and forms a woody amphitheatre, fringed with some small strips of corn, which grow under its skirts; whilst all above are stupendous hills and rocks. The straight boles of the trees, together with the verdure of the ground under their shadow, which was perceived at a great depth in the grove, by reason of the distance at which the trees stood from each other, formed an uncommon and solemn scene, which, being again reflected by the water, seemed like enchanted haunts, where the dryads met their naiad-nymphs in the happy regions of the genius of the lake.

"We arrived at the borders of Manisty Meadow, a flat of a few acres at the foot of the mountains, where our boat anchored, that we might enjoy the pleasures of the situation: to the left, the nearest object was a wooded island, edged with rocks, behind which, Brandelow Park, and oaken groves, dressed in the deepest green, covered the hills which arose immediate from the margin of the lake, and from thence stretched up the foot of Cathell's mountain, which laid so near us, that it required the eye which reviewed its summit to be returned directly upwards. On our right, at the distance of about one hundred yards, lay another small island, on whose rocky margin brush-wood and willow hung fantastically; above whose thickets the distant shores were seen, where the mighty cliffs of Falcon and Wallow Crags, projecting, shew their grotesque and tremendous brows, in a lofty line of rocks; beneath the feet of which a strip of cultivated lands and woods shot forth a verdant promontory, which sunk gradually into the lake. In the centre of this view (after stretching the eye to the distance of three miles over a basin of the clearest and smoothest water, spreading its bosom to the noontide sun) is a large mount, called Castlehead Rocks, rising in a cone, and covered with oak-wood; behind which a lofty mountain raised its brown

brow, drest in heath and sun-burnt herbage, exceeded only by Skiddaw, covered with blue vapour, and capped with clouds, which terminate the prospect.

"After passing Bank Park, a rocky and barren promontory, on which a few scattered trees looked deplorably aged and torn, we entered a fine bay, where the mountains rise immediately out of the lake; here standing perpendicular, there falling back in ruinous and rude confusion, as being piled heap on heap from the convulsions of chaos; and in other parts shelving and hanging over the lake, as if they threatened an immediate fall; the whole forming a stupendous circus. To describe this view is difficult, as no expression can convey an idea of the subject, where the wild variety consists only of various features of the same objects; rocks and mountains forming and constituting the parts of this massive theatre. In the front of this romantic scene, a small mount presents itself, covered with herbage: small from the mighty stature and gigantic members of the other parts of the prospect. Overlooking this mount stands a round rock, pushing his mountainous brow into the clouds, once crowned with a castle. On the summit of the mount, sweetly contrasted by the grey rocks behind, there grows, with peculiar picturesque beauties, a single ancient oak. The lake beneath was a perfect mirror. On each hand the cliffs and mountains are strewed with bushes and shrubs, down whose sides small streams of water trill, like so many threads of silver, giving a delicate mixture to the greyness of the rocks over which they pass, in many places perpendicular, and rent into a thousand rude columns, as if they had been torn by thunderbolts; in other places they are of a tamer aspect, and, compacted in one solid mass, stand firm as the pillows of the antediluvian world. Where the hills are separated, little vales filled with wood, or narrow winding dells of grass-ground, twist around their feet, and give a

happy variegation to the view. In some places, clefts in the rocks afford a prospect into a valley behind; in others, the over-hanging cliffs form rude arches and apertures, through which distant mountains are discovered. Behind all are mountains piled on mountains, where the clouds roll in heavy volumes, giving a gloominess to those regions of confusion and barrenness, which rendered the lustre of the shining lake, and the streams of light which fell upon the rocks, waterfalls, and shrubs, brighter and more pleasing. In the cliffs in this part of the lake eagles build their nests, far removed from gunshot, and seldom disturbed by man; for it is no easy matter to assail their lofty habitation. In the sight of the cottage, hither they bring the spoils of the fold or the field, to feed their young, superior to the wrath of the injured. 'I was fortunate enough,' says Mr. Topham, 'to see the storming of an eagle's nest, which was built in the cleft of a rock, that has been constantly employed for that purpose for many ages, notwithstanding it is destroyed every year. The man who took it was let down in a basket by a rope from the summit of a rock, and combated with a sword the parent eagle, who fought valiantly in defence of her progeny.'

"On these shores a salt spring of very salubrious quality is found, but it is neglected.

"We next visited a very extraordinary phenomenon, an island about 40 yards in length, and 30 in breadth, grown over with rushes, reeds, grass, and some willows. We would have landed upon it, but as the water was said to be 40 fathom deep in that place, and the attempt rather hazardous, we desisted, and had not the means of enquiring particularly into its nature. This island arose about four perpendicular feet above the surface of the water, on which we were told it floated; from its magnitude we were not able, with one boat, to try whether it would move from the perpendicular line of its then

station, or whether it was bound to, and connected with, the bottom of the lake by the roots of any aquatic plants which appeared upon its surface.

"On my second visit the lake was greatly increased in magnitude, insomuch, that the Lord's Island, as it is called, which before was a mere peninsula, was now so perfectly insulated, that we sailed between it and the main land in several feet water, the arm of the lake which formed this division not being less than three hundred yards in width; the floating island was no more to be seen; and I am induced to assert, that it never descends below the surface but when the lake is full of water, and the sedges and willows, which cover the point of some rock, are flooded and disappear.

"We now pushed up the river which feeds the lake; the water-lily spreads its broad leaves over the surface, and here and there shewed its meek white bells, being at this season in full perfection. We anchored near a little but pleasant habitation, called Lochdoor, or Lodore—a place perfectly adapted for the abode of a recluse, and much preferable to St. Herbert's Island, lying open to the southern sun, sheltered from the north by mighty mountains, which almost overhang it; and, fronting to the widest part of the bason, it commands a view of the several islands, Manisty meadows, and Brandelow parks, with their oaken groves hanging from the ascent of the mountains, shade above shade; Cathell's and the adjoining crags surmounting the whole scene.

"We were landed on a plain of meadow-ground, which descended to the edge of the water, over which we passed to an adjoining wood at the foot of the rocks, behind Lodore-house. After winding through several passes in these groves and thickets, we gained a situation where we were delighted with the noble objects which presented themselves to our view.

"Around us was spread a grove, formed of tall young oaks, ash, and birch trees, which gave an agreeable coolness and shade; above the trees, with uplifted looks, to the right, we viewed a mountain of rock, called Shepherd's Crag, forming a rude circular mass, shelving from the foot towards its crown in a spiral form; on every plane of which, and every step that hung upon its sides, herbage and shrubs grew fantastically, whilst the very summit wore a verdant cap of grass. To the left there arose a perpendicular grey cliff, said to be a thousand feet in height from the lake, rent into innumerable fissures, and standing, like massive columns, in rude arrangement, to support the seeming ruins of a shattered tower, grown white with storms, and overlooking Shepherd's Crag some hundred feet. In the opening between these stupendous rocks, the river pours its whole stream, forming a grand cascade, near two hundred perpendicular feet high. As the channel is rugged, the water makes a sheet of foam, and roars amongst the caverns and cliffs, so that you are deprived of hearing any thing but its tumult. Reaching the wood, where the descent is less precipitate, it winds among the trees, sometimes shewing itself, and at others totally concealed, whilst it serpentines towards the lake. The spray, which is dashed around the rocks, and carried upon the breeze, wherever it meets the ray of the sun, through the openings of the cliffs, takes the colours of the rainbow. On turning from this grand spectacle, the greatest beauties of this lake are thrown into one prospect. The ground whereon we stood was rugged and rocky, shadowed with trees, looking over a rich bosom of wood. Below us lay the Lodore meadows, where groups of cattle were dispersed, and by the shore some carpenters were repairing their boats—a circumstance which enlivened the scene; the shining lake lay in one smooth plain, reflecting the azure sky chequered with clouds; over which the Vicar's Island, yellow with

corn, and the woody islands, were arranged; the mountains, whose feet were trimmed with wood, lay in long perspective to the left. Castle-head, with its embowered cone, and Lord's Island arising from the opposite shore, intervened between us and the vale of Keswick; over which the awful Skiddaw, with his inferior race of mountains, frowned in azure majesty, and closed the scene.

"Claude, in his happiest hour, never struck out a finer landscape; it has every requis te which the pencil can demand, and is perhaps the only view in England which can vie with the sublime scenes from which that painter formed his taste.

"We now returned to our boat, and, sailing within some little distance of the shore, had a view of the waterfall, where the beauties of the lake to the south-east lay in pleasing perspective. We looked over a small part of the bason, from whence to the left a stupendous mountain of rock arose, on whose skirts, and in the rents and clefts of its sides, trees and shrubs climbed to the very summit. Before us lay the wood from which we had lately passed, under whose shade Lodore-house and enclosures were seen inclining towards the lake; above which, the lofty precipice, the waterfall, and Shepherd's Crag, were seen in their variety of beauties; whilst all beyond the mountains formed a crescent, enclasping a sheet of water of two miles circuit. Mountain behind mountain, and rock behind rock, fell here in fine perspective, and brought to our minds those astonishing scenes which characterize the pencil of Salvator. We passed from hence, in our return to Keswick, by the coast, where we were shewn a cliff that projected over the lake, called Eve's Crag, from its bearing some similitude to a female Colossian statue. We next passed Wallow Crag, in which a large opening is formed by the parting of the rocks, bearing the name Ladys Lake from the escape Lady Derwenwater made there, by climbing the horrid and stupendous

heights with such jewels and valuables as she could secure, when her unfortunate lord was apprehended. We now reached Lord's Island, containing some acres covered with wood, where are the remains of a mansion of the Derwentwater family. Formerly this was only a peninsula; but when the place was made the residence of the Radcliffs and Derwentwaters, it was severed from the main land by a ditch, over which was thrown a draw-bridge. Travellers cannot behold the ruins of this place without yielding a sigh for the follies of the world, and bewailing the dire effects which attend ambition and the crimes of princes.

"The fish of this lake are trouts, pike, eels, and perch. The romantic scenes upon the lake induced us to take a boat at night, under favour of the moon, which was near the full. We began our voyage soon after the moon was risen, and had illuminated the top of Skiddaw, but from the intercepting mountains had not (within the ascent of an hour) reached the lake. We were surrounded with a solemn gloom. The stillness of the evening rendered the voice of the waterfalls tremendous, as they, in all their variety of sounds, were re-echoed from every cavern. The summits of the rocks began to receive the rising rays, and appeared as if crowned with turrets of silver, from which the stars departed for their nightly round. As the night advanced, objects arose to view as if surging on the first morning from chaos; the water was a plain of sable, sprinkled over with gems, reflected from the starry firmament; the groves which hung upon the feet of the mountains were hid in darkness, and all was one grave and majestic circle of shadow:

——————————— "till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw."

When the long-protracted shade the mountains

cast on the bosom of the lake, shewed the vastness of those masses from whence they proceeded; and still as the moon arose higher in the horizon, the distant objects began to be more illumined, and the whole presented us with a noble moon-light piece, delicately touched by the hand of nature, and far surpassing those humble scenes which we had often viewed in the works of the Flemish painters. Mist began to arise on the lake, and by reason of the air which bore them aloft being confined and eddying within this deep circle, they were whirled round, and carried upwards like a column, which, so soon as it approached the rays of the moon, had a most wonderful appearance, and resembled a pillar of light. The moon's mild beams now glistened on the waters, and touched the groves, the cliffs, and the islands, with a meekness of colouring which added to the solemnity of the night. Every bay and promontory assumed an appearance different from what it had by day-light; the little dells which wind round the feet of the mountains, as they were shadowed by interposing objects, or silvered by the moon, afforded most enchanting scenes, where we might have wandered with delight till morn.

"Where the lake narrows, and runs up in a creek towards Borrowdale, the rocks looked tremendous, almost shutting us from the face of heaven; the cliffs were struck with scanty gleams of light, which gained their passage through the interstices of the hills, or chasms in the rocks, and served only to discover their horrible overhanging fronts; their mighty caverns, where the water struck by our oars made a hollow sound; their deformed and frowning brows, the hanging shrubs with which they were bearded, their sparkling waterfalls that trilled from shelf to shelf, the whole half seen and half concealed, leaving imagination at large to magnify the images of their grandeur and horrible magnificence."

Beyond the lake is a tract of mountainous country

called Watenlath, surrounded by mountains still higher, and connecting with Borrowdale Fells; at the bottom of this mountainous tract is a valley, which, for the space of three miles, appears like a chasm of rifted rocks, the hills on each side being so perpendicular, that their summits are scarcely more apart than their bases; and the valley is so contracted that it affords room for little more than a path and a small river, which falling into Derwent Water forms the cataracts of Lowdore.

Watenlath.

The vale of this name, Mr. Gilpin observes, is that tract of mountainous country (itself surrounded by mountains still higher) which breaks down abruptly from the south upon the Vale of Keswick. "Which way to Watenlath?" said one of a company with Mr. Gilpin, to a peasant, as they left the vale of Borrowdale. "That *way*" said he pointing up to a lofty mountain steeper than the tiling of a house. The question asked was an improper one. "We should," says Mr. G. "have asked in what *direction* we were to seek it." For *way* there was none, except here and there a blind path, which being itself often bewildered, served only to bewilder us. The inhabitants pay little attention to path; they steer along these wilds by *landmarks*, which to us were unknown. "At length, however, after a painful perpendicular march of near two miles, and many a breathing pause, which our horses required, we gained the top. But instead of an amusing prospect over the country, we found ourselves in the midst of a bog, with still higher grounds around us."

After some consideration, the party luckily discovered a short descent on the other side of the mountain, which brought them quickly to Watenlath. Here their labours were amply rewarded; they fell into a piece of scenery which, for beauty and grandeur, was equal, if not superior, to any thing they

had yet beheld. "This was the *sparkling river*, a pure crystalline stream winding with serpentine coils in its progress towards the lake of Watenlath. On the left this lake is seen contracting itself into a river, closed on each side by steep towering rocks, and bending to the fall which may be observed on entering into Borrowdale, and gives life and spirit to the whole."

Watenlath is a tract of mountainous country, itself surrounded by mountains much higher, which connecting with Borrowdale fells advances south west from Saddleback and breaks abruptly on the vale of Keswick. In its bosom is a valley so contracted that it affords room for little more than a path at the bottom, and for the little river that, falling into Derwentwater, forms the cataract of Lowdore. For nearly the space of three miles the Vale of Watenlath appears only like a chasm of rifted rocks, the mountains on each side being so perpendicular that their summits are almost as close together as their bases. The valley terminates in a rocky amphitheatre of considerable grandeur above the lake of Keswick.

Borrowdale.

Beyond Watenlath to the west is the rocky chasm of Borrowdale, a tremendous pass opening from the centre of the amphitheatre at the head of Derwentwater. "Dark caverns yawn at its entrance terrific as the wildness of a maniac, and disclose a narrow strait running up between the mountains of granite that are shook into almost every possible form of horror, resembling the accumulations of an earthquake, "splintered, shivered, piled, amassed." Through this region of desolation, which supplies a succession of such romantic and picturesque scenes, the river Derwent pursues its rapid course, leaping from rock to rock, and giving animation to its rude, horrid, or fantastic boundaries. Near the entrance of the gorge is a detached mountain, called Castle

Crag, from a fortress that once frowned upon its summit, and guarded this important pass. At its foot is the romantic village of Grange, situated among woods and meadows. The views from Castle Crag are peculiar; on one side are the lake and vale of Keswick, on the other the straits of Borrowdale, where immense rocky mountains are huddled together in the most singular arrangement, as if emerging from, or returning to the wildest chaos, "rock rises over rock, and mountain triumphs over mountain."

The great outline of this astonishing prospect is formed by Eagle Crag, Gramarara, Bull Crag, and Serjeant Crag. The first is a tremendous rock at the head of Borrowdale to the east, where the eagles have commonly made their habitation and their nests. The young eagles are occasionally caught by the adventurous inhabitants of the vale, who let down some of the most hardy of their companions by ropes from the summit of some cliff, to secure the nest whilst the old eagles are abroad.

The rocky scenes in Borrowdale, Mr. West observed, are most fantastic, and the entrance rugged, the whole forming a semicircular sweep. Extensive woods deck their steep sides; trees grow from pointed rocks, and rocks appear like trees. Here the Derwent, rapid as the Rhone, rolls his crystal streams through all the labyrinth of embattled obstacles. In fact, the scenes here are sublimely terrible, the assemblage of magnificent objects so stupendously great, and the arrangement so uncommonly curious, that they must excite the most sensible feelings of wonder and surprise, and at once impress the mind with reverential awe, if not with astonishment.

"We hired" says a recent tourist, "ponies and a guide to explore the chaotic mysteries of Borrowdale. Formerly the only human vestige that presented itself in this dreary chasm, was the solitary track of the dalesman. The road is now sufficiently perspicuous; though from the savage asperities of

the scenery, it could still be no matter of surprise, if a susceptible stranger should feel somewhat awed, or even intimidated, in his progress. A second beautifully wooded eminence rises behind Castle Crag; and the Derwent rolls its rapid channel at the foot of it. The water of this beautiful river has no tinge of the mountain impurities: the vari-coloured stones and granite, of which its bed is composed, glitter in the pellucid stream like the phases of a prism. From many of these tremendous cliffs the fragments have been flung in awful profusion, and from the danger of an instant succession no part of the dale appears secure. Large and ponderous masses of rock are seen arrested in the various stages of their fall; some of them have become fixed, and given birth to moss and trees; and others remain in a state yet menacing the safety of the traveller. As we advanced, sometimes crossing and at others shoring the river, we noticed on our left the famous Eagle Crag. The devastation formerly committed by these predatory invaders is said to have amounted to the sum of one lamb a day; but the hazard of the enterprize bears no present proportion to the value of the reward. A gill in the Eagle Cliff communicates on the postern side, by a precipitous pass of five miles, with the Vale of Langdale, the character of which is not yielding to that of Borrowdale, in its assemblage of the sublime and terrific. This, however, was insufficient to daunt the intrepidity of the notorious Hatfield, who escaped his pursuers by this route, after the detection of his impostures by Judge Hardinge at Keswick. On the right we saw a mine of blacklead in full work; and here and there a knoll, crowned with a sparing tuft of lively verdure; a contrast powerfully impressive in scenes where barbarism and desolation only are in consistency, and indeed where civilization seems to have made so little progress, that a person long used to the security and comforts of social life, is led involuntarily to form associations of the most painful

kind. Reached Si Torr, a little miserable village, whence we clambered a rugged steep bounded by a gulf, in which a cataract is dashed from rock to rock, with a wildness and impetuosity well suited to the horrors of the surrounding scene. From the summit we commanded a noble retrospect of mountain overtopping mountain, as if aspiring to lift its rugged brow beyond that of its towering neighbours. Hence we descended by a treacherous causeway towards the village of Gatesgarth; and at this point of our pilgrimage were most impressed with the savage sublimity of the spectacle. We were not seated in the fosse or bold ravine of a wooded country, tempered and enlivened by all the soft varieties of vegetative ornament, but engulfed in a desert chasm, encompassed by perpendicular walls, of a magnitude so formidable, as in the terrors of an untravelled region would well nigh extinguish the hope of progress. At the head of Honister, an enormous crag, forming part of the left boundary, is a slate quarry; and the traveller's hallo, vibrating through a long and varied cadence, is no sooner heard by the miners, than the cheering response is conveyed him by the shrill but faint echoes of a horn they keep for the purpose; nor is this any contemptible gratification to the weary victim of solitude and despondence, where no sound but the reverberation of the torrent's roar "visits his sad ear."

Nearly opposite to Castle Crag, in one of the recesses of this romantic chasm, is that gigantic mass of rock, called the Bowder Stone. Its veins are exactly similar to those of the adjoining precipice, from which, it seems to have been detached, by some violent convulsion of nature; but its immense size, and singular position, render it nearly impossible to account for the mode by which it reached the place it now occupies. It rests on some fragments of rock, and lies almost hollow. Its shape bears some resemblance to that of a large ship inclined upon its keel; its length is above thirty-one yards, and its weight

has been estimated at nearly 1800 tons. A little earth on the top affords nourishment to one or two small trees. The Bowder Stone, Mr. Gilpin remarks, lies in a diagonal position, overshadowing a space sufficient to shelter a troop of horse.

Mr. Pocklington, whose erections on the island in Derwent Water have called forth so many and such severe censures from the admirers of nature, has applied his *improvements* to this spot, by building a little mock hermitage or chapel, and by setting up a druidical stone. He has also erected a little cottage for an old woman to live in, who is to shew the rock for fear travellers should pass under it without seeing it, and cleared away all the fragments round it; and, as it rests upon a narrow base, he has dug a hole underneath, through which the curious may gratify themselves by shaking hands with the old woman. To add to these deformities, a crazy ladder has been erected against the Bowder-stone to enable persons to see imperfectly from its top what they can behold to much better advantage from the summit of Castle Crag, nearly opposite, and only divided by the river Derwent. The Bowder-stone lies at the southern extremity of Derwent Water, not far distant from Grange, if it is visited, as it sometimes is, in an excursion round Derwent Water, it lengthens the ride two miles; it is not above a mile distant from Castle Crag. The road continues good to Rosthwaite, the first village in this secluded region, where it is divided in two: one leads to the Wadmines and to Ravenglass, the other to Hawkshead. A circumstance of peculiar consolation to the traveller here distinguishes this from other mountainous tracts, where the hills are divided by bogs and mosses, and often difficult to pass, which is, that the mosses are on the tops of the mountains, and a way over, or around them, is never difficult to find. The inhabitants of the dale are served with turf fuel from these mosses, and the manner of procuring it is very singular. A man carries on his back, a sledge to the

top of the mountain, and conducts it down the most awful descents, by placing himself before it to prevent its running aside. For this purpose, a narrow furrow is cut in the mountain's side, which serves for a road to direct the sledge, and to pitch the conductors heel in. A sledge of this kind holds about half a horse-load drawn on the road.

From Derwent Water the excursion may be continued round Bassenthwaite Water, proceeding towards Bassenthwaite from Keswick. Ormathwaite is passed on the right, and Crossthwaite on the left. As we pursue our route, Skiddaw appears a commanding object on the right.

Bassenthwaite, or Broadwater, for by both names is this lake distinguished, is nearly four miles north of Derwent Water, having in the east the beautiful and extensive vale of Bassenthwaite, with the mighty Skiddaw rearing its lofty head beyond it; and on the west, a range of humble mountains, which fall abruptly to the water's edge, and only admit of small patches of cultivation. These declivities are called Withopbrows, and are partly rocky and partly covered with thick woods, which consist mostly of young oaks, growing out of old stems. The contiguous scenery affords some very fine views, and the prospect from Ousebridge at the northern end of the lake, is extremely beautiful. From this point Skiddaw, with all the mountains round Borrowdale, appear in a magnificent amphitheatrical perpective, and the valleys both of this and Keswick lake, are seen at one view, which is only terminated by the sublime, but dark fells of Borrowdale. Three noble bays spread their pellucid bosoms in different parts of the lake, and greatly increase the beauty of the neighbouring prospects. Broadwater is nearly a mile over at the northern end, but lower down it decreases to little more than a quarter of that breadth; its length is about four miles and a half. Proceeding along the eastern margin of this lake to Bradness, a round verdant hill, by a road to the left, the summit will afford

a good prospect. Going on towards Ousebridge by way of Bassenthwaite Hall, you reach Armathwaite, a small but finely situated seat at the head of a gentle slope, looking towards the lake. A good inn at Ousebridge also fronts this water, which here runs under a stone bridge of three arches, and once more resumes the name of the river Derwent, after a winding course through several verdant valleys, and falls into the sea at Workington. The vale of Bassenthwaite extends from the foot of Skiddaw to Ousebridge, variegated by many beautiful objects, both of art and nature. The lake that adds so much to its ornaments, is nearly as clear as the Derwent, and abounds with fish and water-fowl.

LOWDORE WATERFALL

Is one of the finest appearances in this romantic part of the country. To arrive at this from Keswick, and proceeding up the road on the eastern shore of Derwent Water, we come to Barrow House, the seat of Joseph Pocklington, Esq. Beyond this we ascend a steep winding Alpine path to four different stations, from whence the water-fall of Barrow Cascade may be seen. Three miles from Keswick we arrive at the water-fall of Lowdore, called the Niagara of Derwent Water, situated near the head of the lake. The stupendous crags that enclose the torrent are covered with birch, ash, and other trees, spreading out in the most fantastic shapes from the fissures of the rocks. Like other water-falls, Lowdore is seen to the most advantage in rainy weather; the water then rushes down an enormous pile of protruding rocks, the roar of which it is said can be heard at several miles distance. Its descent is not less than 150 feet. Thomson's description has been properly applied to Lowdore.

" Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.

At first an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud resounding rocks below
Dash'd on a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortured wave here find repose,
But raging still amid the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts:
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope
With wild infractured course and lessen'd roar,
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale."

Mr. Gilpin observed, though his party had seen the fall of Lowdore from the bottom, "we had a curiosity to see how it appeared from the top, and dismounting we contrived, by winding round the thickets and clinging to the projections of the rocks, to get a dangerous peep down the abyss. There was nothing picturesque in the view, but something immensely grand. We now stood above those two cheeks of the chasm through which the water forced its way; and which, in the morning, when seen from the bottom, appeared towering to a great height, and were the most interesting parts of the view. But now, amidst the greatness of the objects which surrounded them, they were totally lost, appearing less than warts to those vast limbs of nature, to which they adhered.

The cannon at Lowdore inn is discharged at the cost of four shillings, when any person wishes to have an echo procured. A small cannon used to be fired for two and sixpence. As these echoes are thus expensive, it is necessary to see that the full charge of powder is put in, otherwise much of the effect, produced by the mimic thunder, will be lost.

EXCURSION IX.

From Keswick by Ulswater to the Inn at Patterdale, (a horse road.)

	Miles.	Miles
On the Penrith road to a deviation a little beyond Naddle Bridge		2½
Wanthwaite Mill	1¼	3¾
Enter the road from Threlkeld to Ambleside; turn on the right to that, having on the left Hill Top	¼	4
Over the Common, by High Row to Dockray Inn at Pattersdale	5½	4½

Or the Carriage Road by Ulswater to the Inn at Patterdale.

From the Turnpike Road to Penrith, turn off on the right		10½
Brownrigg	2½	13
Dockray	2½	15½
Junction of the Keswick and Penrith Roads on the side of Ulswater	1½	17
Inn at Patterdale	4	21

The Foot Road from Keswick to the Inn at Patterdale is far the shortest, and is as follows,

Pursue the Ambleside Road		4¾
Stainah	¼	5
Highest part of the Footway	1½	6½
Greenside's Lead Mines	½	7
Through Glenridden to the Penrith Road	3	10
Inn at Patterdale	1½	11½

ULSWATER.

About two miles to the south of Dacre, is Ulswater, situated partly in Cumberland, and partly in Westmoreland. This lake, which is in the form of an S, is nine miles in extent, and above a mile in breadth, though in one part, from a projection of a vast rock it is not more than a quarter of a mile. "But the eye loses its power of judging even of the breadth, confounded by the boldness of the shores, and the grandeur of the fells that rise beyond: the proportions, however, are grand; for the water retains

its dignity notwithstanding the vastness of its accompaniments.

" The approach to this sublime lake, along the heights of Eamont, is exquisitely interesting; for the road, being shrouded by woods, allows only partial glimpses of the gigantic shapes that are assembled in the distance, and awakening high expectation leaves the imagination thus elevated to paint " the forms of things unseen." Thus, Mrs. Radcliffe observes, it was when we caught a view of the dark broken tops of the fells that rise round Ulswater, of size and shape most huge, bold, and awful, overspread with a blue mysterious tint, that seemed almost supernatural, though according in gloom and sublimity with the several features it involved.

" The view of the first reach from the foot of Dunmallet, a pointed woody hill near Pooley Bridge, is one of the finest on the lake, which here spreads in a noble sheet, nearly three miles long, to the base of Thwaithill-nab, winding round which it disappears, and the whole is then believed to be seen. The character of this view is nearly that of simple grandeur; the mountains that impend over the shore in front are peculiarly awful in their forms and attitudes on the left the fells soften; woodlands and pastures, colour their lower declivities; and the water is margined with the tenderest verdure, opposed to the dark woods and crags above.

" Winding the foot of Dunmallet, the almost pyramidical hill that shuts up this end of Ulswater, and separates it from the vale of Eamont, we cross Barton-bridge, whence this little river, clear as crystal, issues from the lake, and, through a close pass, hurries over a rocky channel to the vale. Its woody steeps, the tufted island that interrupts its stream, and the valley beyond, form altogether a picture, in fine contrast with the majesty of Ulswater, expanding on the other side to the bridge.

" The characteristics of the left shore of the second reach are grandeur and immensity; its cliffs

are vast and broken, rise immediately from the stream, and often shoot their masses over it; the right exhibits romantic wildness, in the rough ground of Dacre common, and the craggy heights above it; and further on, the sweetest forms of reposing beauty, in the grassy hillocks, and undulating copse of Gowbarrow Park, infringing the water, sometimes, over little rocky eminences that project into the stream, and at others in shelving bays, where the lake, transparent as crystal, breaks upon the pebbly bank, and leaves the road that winds there.

"Among the boldest fells that breast the lake on the left shore, are Holling-fell and Swarth-fell, now no longer boasting any part of the forest of Martindale, but shewing huge walls of naked rock, and scars, which many torrents have inflicted. One channel only, in this dry season, retained its shining stream: the chasm was dreadful, parting the mountain from the summit to the base. The perspective, as the road descends into Gowbarrow Park, is perhaps the very finest in the lake. The scenery of the first reach is almost tame when compared with this, and it is difficult to say where it can be equalled for Alpine sublimity. The lake after expanding to a great breadth, once more loses itself beyond the enormous pile of rock called PLACE FELL, opposite to which the shore, seeming to close upon all further progress, is bounded by two promontories, covered with woods, that shoot their luxuriant foliage to the water's-edge. The shattered mass of grey rock, called Yew-Crag, rises immediately over these; and beyond, a glen opens to a chaos of mountains, more solemn in their aspect, and singular in their shape, than any which have appeared, point crowding over point, in lofty succession. Among these is Stonecross-pike, and huge Helvellyn, scrawling over all, but losing its dignity in the masses of Alps around and below it

"From Lyulph tower, in Gowbarrow Park, the lake is seen to make one of its boldest expanses, as

it sweeps round Place-fell, and flows into the last bend of this wonderful vale. The view up this reach to the south and to the east traces all the fells and curving banks of Gowbarrow, that bound the second reach; while to the west a dark angle admits a glimpse of the solemn Alps round Helvellyn.

"Passing fine sweeps of the shore, and over bold headlands, we came opposite to the vast promontory named Place-fell, that pushes its craggy foot into the lake, like a lion's claw, round which the waters make a sudden turn, and enter Patterdale, their third and final expanse In this part the lake, which in the second reach had assumed the form of a river, regains its original appearance, being closed, at three miles distance, by the ruinous rocks that guard the gorge of Patterdale, backed by a multitude of fells. On one side it is bounded by the precipices of Place-fell, Martindale-fell, and several others equally rude and awful, that rise from its edge, and retire in rocky bays, or project in vast promontories athwart it: on the other the shore is less severe, and more romantic; the rocks are lower and richly wooded: and after receding from the water, leave room for a tract of pasture, meadow, or arable land to contrast their ruggedness. At the upper end of the village of Patterdale, one or two white farms peep out from among the trees, beneath the scowling mountains that close the scene; seated in a rocky nook with corn and meadow land, sloping gently in front to the lake, and here and there a scattered grove.

"Entering Glencoin woods, and sweeping the boldest bay of the lake, while the water dashed with a strong surge upon the shore, we at length mounted a road, frightful from its steepness and crags, and gained a wooded summit, which we had long admired. From hence the view of Ulswater is the most various and extensive that its shores exhibit, comprehending its two principal reaches; and though not the most picturesque, it is certainly the

most grand. To the east extends the middle sweep, in long and equal perspective, walled with barren fells on the right, and skirted on the left with the pastoral recesses and bowery projections of Gowbarrow Park. The rude mountains above almost seem to have fallen back from the shore, to admit this landscape within their hollow bosom, and then bending abruptly, like Milton's Adam viewing the sleeping Eve, to hang over it enamoured.

"Place-fell, which divides the two last bends, and was immediately opposite the point we were on, is of the boldest form. It projects into the water, an enormous mass of grey crag, scarred with dark yews; then, retiring a little, it again bends forward in huge cliffs, and finally starts up a vast perpendicular face of rock. As a single object it is wonderfully grand, and connected with the scene its effect is sublime. The lower rocks are called silver-rays, and not unaptly; for when the sun shines upon them, their variegated sides somewhat resemble in brightness the rays streaming beneath a cloud.

"The last reach of Ulswater, which is on the right of this point, expands into an oval, and its majestic surface is spotted with little rocky islets, that would adorn a less sacred scene, but are here prettynesses, that can scarcely be tolerated by the grandeur of its character. The tremendous mountains, which scowl over the gorge of Patterdale; the cliffs, massy and broken, and overlooked by a multitude of dark summits, with the grey walls of Swarth and Martindale fells, that upheave themselves on the eastern shore, form one of the most grand and awful pictures on the lake; yet admirable and impressive as it is, as to solemnity and astonishment, its effect is not equal to that of the more Alpine sketch caught in distant perspective, from the descent into Gowbarrow Park.

"The rocks of Ulswater and its vicinity are celebrated for reverberating sounds; and the echoes

produced are described by several writers as exceedingly grand and impressive.

" There is another species of echoes, which are well adapted to the lake in all its stillness and tranquillity, as the others are to its wildness and confusion, and which recommend themselves chiefly to those feelings that depend on the gentler movements of the mind. Instead of cannon, let a few French-horns and clarionets be introduced: softer music than such loud wind instruments would scarcely have power to vibrate. The effect is now wonderfully changed: the sound of a cannon is heard in bursts; it is the music only of thunder; but the *continuation* of *musical sounds* forms a continuation of *musical echoes*, which reverberating round the lake, are exquisitely melodious in their several gradations, and form a thousand symphonies, playing together from every part. The variety of notes is inconceivable: the ear is not equal to their innumerable combinations. It is listening to a symphony dying away at a distance, while other melodious sounds arise close at hand: these have scarcely attracted the attention when a different mode of harmony arises from another quarter. In short, *every rock is vocal; and the whole lake is transformed into a kind of magical scene, in which every promontory seems peopled by aerial beings, answering each other in celestial music.*"

Ulswater abounds with fish of various kinds, among which is a species of trout peculiar to this water, weighing upwards of 30 pounds; the eels are also of a very large size, and of the finest flavour.

A later tourist informs us, that the approach to Ulswater from Keswick is by Matterdale and Lyulph's Tower into Gowbarrow Park; presents us with a magnificent view of the two higher reaches of the Lake, Airey Force thunders down the Glyll on the left, at a small distance from the road. Approaching Ulswater from Penrith, a mile and a half from

this place, we come to the winding vale of Eamont, whence the prospects increase till we reach Patterdale. As the first four miles along Ulswater are comparatively tame, in order to see the lower part of the lake to advantage, it is necessary to go round by Pooly Bridge, and to ride at least three miles along the Westmoreland side of the water, towards Martindale. Ascending from the road into the fields, the views are magnificent. Those who take this course of three or four miles on foot, should have a boat in readiness, at the end of the walk, to carry them across to the Cumberland side of the lake, near Old Church, and then follow the road upwards to Patterdale. The church-yard yew-tree survives at Old Church, but there are no remains of a place of worship, a new chapel having been erected in a more central situation.

At Dalemain, about three miles from Penrith, the stream called the Dacor is crossed; this does not enter Ulswater, but joins the Eamont a mile below; it rises in the moors about Penruddock, and passes the ancient mansions of Hutton John and Dacre Castle. From some of the fields near Dalemain, Dacre Castle, backed by the jagged summit of Saddleback, with the valley and stream in front, may be seen to advantage. A glen or valley, worthy notice, leads up to Airey Force and thence to Martindale, a wild and interesting spot. In Gowbarrow Park, the lover of Nature might linger for hours: here is a brook that dashes amongst rocks through a deep glen, hung on every side with a rich and happy intermixture of native wood; here are beds of luxuriant fern, aged hawthorns, and hollies, decked with honey-suckles; and fallow deer glancing and bounding over the lawns and through the thickets. These constitute a fore-ground for ever-varying pictures of the majestic lake, forced to take a winding course by bold promontories, and environed by mountains of sublime form, towering above each other. At the outlet of Gowbarrow Park there is another stream

flowing through a little recess, called Glencoin, with a single house, visible from the road. Having passed under the steeps of Styebarrow Crag, and the remains of its woods at Glenridding Bridge, a fourth stream is crossed. The opening of this on the side of Ulswater Vale is adorned with fertile fields, cottages, and natural groves; and if followed beyond the enclosures, will lead along bold water-breaks and water-falls to a silent tarn in the recesses of Helvellyn. This desolate spot was formerly the haunt of eagles, that built in the precipice which forms its western barrier. These birds used to wheel round the head of the solitary angler. At the head of the lake, being now in Patterdale, seven miles and a half from Ambleside, Grisdale Beck, a fifth stream from Keswick, is crossed; hence you may pass through a woody steep, up to the level area of the valley of Grisdale, where there are some hollies uncommonly large; hence there is a path for foot travellers to Grasmere, along which a horse may be led, if necessary. Whilst ascending this valley, a sublime combination of mountain forms appear in front, and increase till the path leads almost immediately under the masses of Helvellyn. The road up the main dale, the next considerable stream, would conduct us to Deep dale, which is terminated by a cove, a craggy and gloomy abyss, with steep sides; a faithful receptacle of the snows that are driven into it by the west wind from the summit of Fairfield. Lastly, having proceeded along the western side of Brother's Water, a stream soon after issues from a cove richly decorated with native wood. This is a spot seldom explored by travellers. But whoever looks back from these sylvan and rocky recesses on the gleaming surface of Brother's Water, or forward to the steep sides and lofty ridges of Dove Crag, will be equally pleased with the beauty, grandeur, and wildness of the country. Seven glens or valleys branch off from the Cumberland side of the vale. The opposite side has only two streams of any importance, one of which crosses the Kerkstone road, near the foot

of Brother's Water; this road leads to the decaying hamlet of Hartsop, remarkable for its cottage architecture. The other coming down Martindale enters Ulswater at Sandwyke, opposite Gowbarrow Park. From Blowick a narrow track conducts along the craggy side of Place Fell, richly adorned with juniper, and sprinkled over with birches, to the village of Sandwyke. Martindale is not rich, but interesting from its seclusion. The general want of wood in these vales give a peculiar interest to the scattered cottages embowered in sycamores, and few of the mountain chapels are more striking than this of Martindale. The name of Boardale, a deep, bare, and houseless valley, which communicates with Martindale, shews that the wild swine were once numerous in that nook. In Martindale, the road loses sight of the lake and leads over a steep hill, bringing us again in sight of Ulswater, or, rather, of its lowest reach, four miles in length; and the new road is terminated by the long ridge of Cross Fell in the distance. Immediately under the eye is a deep indented bay, rendered cheerful by two or three subtantial houses, more ornamented and shewy than usual in these wild spots.

Patterdale.

Patterdale, or Patrick's-dale, takes its name from the baptisms of that saint, purported to have been performed at a fount still preserved by the road-side. It is a poor little village, in which, however, if there is but little to admire, there is nothing to offend the eye or the imagination. Its fine pastoral valley is watered by the river Coldrill, which contributes to replenish the lake. Nothing can exceed the verdure of its inclosures, which are exposed to frequent inundations, and have been known to lie half the season under water. The fine conical hill called Hartsop Dod, is seen from the western shore, thrusting forward its sharp bold breast, and shutting the vale. The lake is nine miles long, about three quarters of a mile across, and seventy yards deep. It is

well stocked with trout and char, and is exclusively famous for a fish called scaleys, or skellies, which somewhat resemble herrings, and herd in shoals. An old fisherman of the dale once netted 12,000 of these at a draught. The water possesses little transparency, and is indeed often turbid. Two small insular specks appear upon its surface. On the banks of Windermere we had admired the beautiful and picturesque; the Lake of Derwent had astonished us with the profusion of the sublime and wild; but the sober serenity of Ulswater inspired us with the more elevated notions of romantic grandeur. On the right of the road, at the entrance of the village, a finely furnished glen intersects for miles the roots of the mountains. It is overhung by the prominent summits of Glenridding Dod, Black Crag, and the Griesdale Fells; a long and beautiful chain. In the distance rises Stone Cross Pike, and beyond it peeps the spire of Helvellyn. From a tarn or little lake in its summit issues the beck of Glenridding, which rushing fretfully through the hollow of the glen, empties its crystal stores into the lake. A bridge under which it flows, serves as a land mark to divide the counties.

The annals of the royal house of Patterdale are simply these: on some sudden emergency at the time of a Scottish irruption upon the northern counties, so frequently occurring in the history of our early reigns, a chief was wanted to embody and command the shepherds of the dale. In this dilemma, an enterprizing peasant, of the name of Mounsey, "disdained the shepherd's slothful life," and boldly volunteered his services as the leader of his countrymen. His offer was accepted; and such was the vigilance and precision with which his warlike genius inspired him, that he succeeded in a total rout of the invading army. He was accordingly crowned amid the acclamations of victory, and proclaimed King of Patterdale. The succession was of course hereditary, and for some generations the monarch received the more substantial homage of

his subjects. The family has risen by honourable industry to a state of comparative opulence; but the regal title and claims are only chronicled in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Mr. Gilpin's story of Mattison, the curate, extraordinary as it may appear, however affords no criterion of the benefit of a *prudent* economy, or, indeed, of the value of the articles of life, since the character of the man was palpably that of a *notorious miser*; nor did he send his son to the University, as Mr. Gilpin was wrongly informed.

Upon an income of 18l. and sometimes 20l. per annum, he married, brought up four children, and left upwards of 1000l. behind him!

"He himself read the burial service over his mother—married his father, and afterwards buried him. He published his own banns of marriage in the church with a woman he had formerly christened, and himself married all his four children."

The former simplicity of this place, the tourists complain, is no longer to be met with.

Travellers from the south, may see Ulswater from Ambleside in a quicker succession of fine scenes than from any other posting town. Those who take this ride, are conducted over Kerkstone by a singular descent to Brother Water, and thence through a valley to the inn, thence by an excursion in several successive changes from land to water, they will be introduced to the favourite haunts of beauty. From Penrith on the return to Ambleside all the delightful scenery lying between the foot and the head of the lake; and the vales of Patterdale and Hartshop may be enjoyed in features greatly differing from those presented in their progress from Ambleside to Ulswater. The road from Ambleside is rich in scenes of grandeur and beauty. The celebrity of this tour induces many tourists to place themselves on the outside of the coach, which leaves Ambleside at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Keswick about eleven.

EXCURSION X.

Keswick to Skiddaw.

	Miles.	Miles.
The old Road by Great Crosthwaite and Spooney Green to its union with Mr. Calvert's Road		$1\frac{1}{4}$
(Or by permission given to the public by Wm. Calvert, Esq. and J. Banks, Esq.)		
Greta Bank Bridge		$\frac{1}{2}$
Greta Bank	$\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{3}{4}$
Union of the Spooney Green Road and the Terrace Road from Greta Bank	$\frac{3}{4}$	$1\frac{1}{2}$
Junction on the Gale with the Road from Bassenthwaite to Threlkeld, reckoning by Mr. Calvert's New Road	1	$2\frac{1}{2}$
From the Gale Road by the side of the wall, first on a roundish swell to a hollow, and thence in a steep ascent to the Common Gate	$\frac{3}{4}$	$3\frac{1}{4}$
Spring of Water and the First Man	1	$4\frac{1}{4}$
From the well by the horse track, on the east of the First and Second Man to the Third Man, and thence to the sixth or highest heap of stones	1	$5\frac{1}{4}$
Back to Keswick	$5\frac{1}{4}$	$10\frac{1}{2}$

In good weather, when strangers visit Keswick for the purpose of viewing the grand and beautiful scenes surrounding it, a journey to the summit is generally undertaken. Skiddaw is less difficult of ascent than the rest of the superior elevations, and the road from Keswick is so constructed as to render the journey easy either on horse or foot. Many of the horses in the daily practice of surmounting this hill, pace it up and down with as little trepidation as they pass a flat; a lady of light weight may ride to the top of Skiddaw without alighting, and descend to the town in safety, if some one manages her horse's head in the steepest parts; though it is a relief both to the horse and the rider to dismount occasionally.

The nearest horse and foot road to Skiddaw is on the Wigton Road by Bassenthwaite to Great Cross-

thwaite; thence in a deviation of a quarter of a mile to the right on the Threlkeld Road, where it turns at right angles up a pretty steep hill called Spooney Green to its junction with Mr. Calvert's road, one mile and a quarter from Keswick. All this rise presents in retrospect a glorious view of the town, the lake, and the charming scenery of Ormathwaite.—Or Skiddaw may be approached by the bridge near Greta Bank, William Calvert, Esq. and John Banks, Esq. of Keswick, to whom this bridge belongs, with a highly creditable degree of liberality, gave Mr. Green permission to announce to strangers that they might use this bridge on foot or horseback as a passage to the terrace road, extending from Greta Bank to its union with the old way by Spooney Green. This road, for scenic beauty, is unequalled in the environs of Keswick.

This new approach to Skiddaw travels the Penrith road more than half a mile, chiefly no the pleasant borders of the river Greta: on the northern side of the bridge the road ascends rather steeply from Great Crosthwaite by Brundholm to Threlkeld. On entering this road the eye is rivetted on the mountains of Newlands, Brathwaite, and Thornthwaite. Over the kitchen garden is a fine burst on Grisedal Pike. Beyond the wood of larches are seen the town of Keswick and both ends of Derwent Water with its craggy boundaries. Bassenthwaite and its intermediate lands display the seats and farms on every side extending from the church. Between the top of Skiddaw and the lake of Bassenthwaite the numerous narrow avenues are thus described by Mr. Houseman, "On looking down the profound precipice almost in any direction, the sight recoils with horror. Chasms of enormous depth in the bowels of the mountain forming steeps of slatey shiver, yawn upwards with a frightful aspect."

'There tow'ring Skiddaw wrapp'd in awful shade,
Monarch of mountains, rears his mighty head,
Dark'ning with frowns fair Keswick's beauteous vale,
Various [illegible]

Secure nor heeds the rolling thunder's rage,
Though Scruffel trembling, marks the dire presage.

Scruffel is a mountain in Annandale in Scotland, the inhabitants of which prognosticate good or bad weather, from the mists that rise or fall on the brow of Skiddaw. Floating vapours towards the summit of Skiddaw, frequently prove sources of much amusement; as these mists sometimes encircle the party so densely as to render objects invisible that are not fifty yards from the eye. At other times momentary glimpses are caught of the far removed country. Thus by an ever-shifting exhibition the eye is kept in perpetual play, and the senses alternately delighted, vexed, or agitated into extremes.—Open sunshine or murky gloom occasionally result from this kind of vapour, and in the heat of one, or in the comparative chill of the other, the traveller very frequently descends from this mountain.

The following is a very interesting description of a visit to the summit of this height:—

"Ascending this tremendous mountain from Keswick, and passing through bowery lanes, luxuriant with mountain ash, holly, and a variety of beautiful shrubs, to a broad open common, a road led us to the foot of Latrigg, or as it is called by the country people, Skiddaw's Cub, a large round hill, covered with heath and turf. A narrower path now wound along steep green precipices, the beauty of which prevented what danger there was from being perceived; Derwent Water was concealed by others; but soon after we rose above the steeps, and it appeared with all its enamelled banks, sunk deep amidst a chaos of mountains, and surrounded by ranges of fells, not visible from below. On the other hand, the more cheerful lake of Bassenthwaite expanded at its entire length. Soon after we reached the brink of a chasm, on the opposite side of which wound our future track; for the ascent is here in an acutely zig-zag direction.

"At length, as we ascended, Derwent Water

dwindled on the eye to the smallness of a pond, while the granduer of its amphitheatre was increased by new ranges of dark mountains, no longer individually great, but sublime from accumulation; a scenery calculated to give ideas of the breaking up of a world. Other precipices soon hid it again; but Bassenthwaite continued to spread immediately below us, till we turned into the heart of Skiddaw, and were inclosed by its steeps. We had now lost all trace even of the flocks that were scattered over those tremendous wilds; and the guide conducted us by many curvings among the heathy hills and hollows of the mountains. An opening to the south at length shewed the whole plan of the narrow vales of St. John, and of Nadale, separated by the dark ridge of rock, called St. John's Rigs, with each its small line of verdure at the bottom.

"Leaving this view, the mountain soon again shut out all prospect but of its own valleys and precipices, covered with various shades of turf and moss, and with heath, of which a dark purple was the prevailing hue. Not a tree or bush appeared on Skiddaw; nor even a stone-wall any where broke the simple greatness of its lines. Sometimes we looked into tremendous chasms, where the torrent, heard roaring long before it was seen, had worked itself a deep channel, and fell from ledge to ledge, foaming and shining amidst the dark rock. These streams are sublime, from the length and precipitancy of their course, which hurrying the sight with them into the abyss, act as it were in sympathy with the nerves; and to save ourselves from following, we recoiled from the view with involuntary horror.

"The air now became very thin, and the steeps still more difficult of ascent. About a mlie from the summit the way was indeed dreadfully sublime, laying for nearly half a mile along the edge of a precipice, that passed with a swift descent for probably almost a mile, into a glen, within the heart of Skiddaw; and neither a hill nor bush interrupted its vast

length: nor by offering a midway check in the descent, diminished the fear it inspired. The ridgy steeps of Saddleback formed the opposite boundary of the glen; and, though really at a considerable distance, had, from the height of the two mountains, such an appearance of vicinity, that it almost seemed as if we could spring to its side. The hills in this part rose so closely above the precipice, as scarcely to allow a ledge wide enough for a single horse. After this the descent appeared easy and secure; and we were bold enough to wonder that the steeps near the beginning of the mountain had excited any anxiety.

"Passing the skirts of the two points of Skiddaw which are nearest to Derwent Water, we approached the third and loftiest, and then perceived that their steep sides, together with the ridges which connect them, were entirely covered, near the summit, with a whitish shivered slate, which threatens to slide down them with every gust of wind: the broken state of this slate makes the present summits seem like the ruins of others. The ridge on which we passed, from the second summit to the third, was narrow, and the eye reached on each side down the whole extent of the mountains, following, on the left, the rocky precipices of Bassenthwaite, and looking, on the right, into the glens of Saddleback, far, far below. But the prospects that burst upon us from every part of the vast horizon, when we had gained the summits, were such as we had scarcely dared to hope for, and must now rather venture to enumerate than to describe.

"We stood on a pinnacle commanding the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which had been before considered separately as a great scene, was now miniature parts of the immense landscape. To the north lay, like a map, the vast tract of low country which extends between Bassenthwaite and the Irish Channel, marked with the silver circles of the river Derwent, in its progress

from the lake. Whitehaven, and its white coast, were distinctly seen; and Cockermouth seemed almost under the eye; a long blackish line, more to the west, was said by the guide to be the Isle of Man. Bounding on the low country to the North, the wide solitary Frith, with its indented shores, look like a grey horizon; and the double range of Scottish mountains, seen distinctly through the mist beyond, seemed like lines of dark clouds above it. The Solway appeared surprizingly near us, though at 50 miles distance; and the guide said that on a bright day its shipping could plainly be discerned. Nearly in the north, the heights seemed to soften into plains; for no object was there visible, through the obscurity that had began to draw over the farthest distance; but towards the east they began to swell again; and what we were told were the Cheviot Hills, dawned feebly beyond Northumberland. We now spanned the narrowest part of England, looking from the Irish Channel on one side, to the German Ocean on the other; the latter was, however, so far off, as to be discernible only like a mist.

"Nearer than the county of Durham stretched the ridge of Cross Fell, and an indistinct multitude of the Westmoreland and Yorkshire Islands, whose lines disappeared beyond Saddleback, now evidently *pre-eminent* over Skiddaw. Passing this mountain in our course to the south, we saw immediately below the Fells, round Derwent Water, the lake itself, remaining still concealed in their deep rocky bosom. Southward and westward the whole prospect was a turbulent chaos of dark mountains. All individual dignity was now lost in the immensity of the whole, and every variety of character was overpowered by that of astonishing and gloomy grandeur.

"Over the Fells of Borrowdale, and far to the south, the northern end of Windermere appeared like a wreath of grey smoke, that spread along the mountain's side. More southward still, and beyond all the fells of the lakes, Lancaster stands extended

to the faintly seen waters of the sea. To the west, Duddon Sands gleamed in a long line among the fells of High Furness. Immediately under the eye lay Bassenthwaite, surrounded by many ranges of mountains, invisible from below. We saw green cultivated vales, over the tops of lofty rocks, and other mountains over these vales in lofty ridges, whilst innumerable narrow glens were traced in all their windings, and seemed uniting behind the hills, with others that also sloped upward from the lake.

"The air on this summit was boisterous, intensely cold, and difficult to be respired, though the day was below warm and serene. It was dreadful to look down from nearly the brink of the point on which we stood, upon the lake of Bassenthwaite, and over a sharp and separated ridge of rocks, that from below appeared of tremendous height, but now seemed not to reach half way up Skiddaw; it was almost as if

'the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight.'

"In the descent it was interesting to observe each mountain below gradually re-assuming its dignity, the two lakes expanding into spacious surfaces, the many little valleys that sloped upwards, from their margins, recovering their variegated tints of cultivation, the cattle again appearing in the meadows, and the woody promontories changing from smooth patches of shades into richly-turfed summits. At about a mile from the top, a great difference was perceptible in the climate, which became comparatively warm, and the summer hum of bees was again heard among the purple heath."

Mr. Hutchinson, on ascending this mountain, was overtaken by a thunder storm, of which he gives the following interesting particulars:—

"Whilst we remained upon the mountain, over the hills which lie between Keswick and Cockermouth, dense and dark vapours began to rise; and, in a little time, as they advanced upon a south-west

wind, concealed those heights we had viewed half an hour before clear and distinct. Our guide was very earnest with us to quit the mountain, as he prognosticated the hazard of being wet, and of losing our way in the heavy vapour, from a storm then collecting, which he assured us would soon cover Skiddaw. The circumstance was too singular to be left by people curious in their observations on natural events. We desired our guide would take care of himself, and leave us to our pleasure; but the good attendant had a due sense of our impropriety in wishing to be left there, and determined to abide by us. The clouds advanced with accelerated speed; a hollow blast sounded amongst the hills and dells which lay below, and seemed to fly from the approaching darkness: the vapour rolled down the opposite valley of Newland, and appeared to tumble in mighty sheets and volumes from the brow of each mountain into the vale of Keswick and over the lakes. Whilst we admired this phenomenon, the clouds below us gradually ascended, and we soon found the summit of Skiddaw totally surrounded, whilst we on every side looked down upon an angry and impetuous sea, heaving its billows. We were rejoicing in this grand spectacle of nature, and thinking ourselves fortunate in having beheld so extraordinary an event, when, to our astonishment and confusion, a violent burst of thunder, engendered in the vapour below, stunned our sense, being repeated from every rock, and down every dell, in horrid uproar; at the same time, from the agitation of the air, the mountain seemed to tremble at the explosion, the clouds were instantaneously illuminated, and from innumerable chasms sent forth streams of lightning. Our guide lay upon the earth terrified and amazed, in his ejaculations accusing us of presumption and impiety. Danger made us solemn; we had no where to fly for safety, no place to cover our heads; to descend, was to rush into the inflammable vapour from whence our perils proceeded,

to stay was equally hazardous; for now the clouds, which had received such a concussion from the thunder, ascended higher and higher, enveloping the whole mountain, and letting fall a heavy shower of rain. We thought ourselves happy even under this circumstance, to perceive the storm turning north-west, and to hear the next clap burst in the plain beyond Bassenthwaite-water. A like event has frequently happened to travellers in the heights of the Alps, from whence the thunder storms are seen passing over the countries beneath them. The echoes from the mountains which bordered Keswick Lake, from Newland, Borrowdale, and Lowdore, were noble, and gave a repetition of the thunder-claps distinctly, though distant, after an intermission of several seconds of tremendous silence! The rain, which still increased, formed innumerable streams and cascades, which rushed from the crown of Skiddaw, Saddleback, and Cawsey Pike, with a mighty noise; but we were deprived of the beauty of these waterfalls by the intercepting vapour, which was not to be penetrated by the eye more than a few yards before us. We descended the hill wet and fatigued, and were happy when we regained our inn at Keswick, which we now esteemed a paradise."

Between Skiddaw and Ulswater is Matterdale and Mart Fell, a ridge of hill so called from the protection it affords to the Foulmart or Fitchet, an animal of the weasel tribe, whose history is chiefly curious for the singular mode in which it obtains its prey. The farmer's hen-roost is the scene of their nocturnal depredations. Placing themselves directly beneath the perch upon which the poultry sleep, they emit on a sudden an intolerable and noxious odour, which so powerfully operates upon the nerves of the sleeping victim, that it faints and drops almost instantaneously, and they then trail it away in the manner of foxes. The people of St. John's Dale are great mart-hunters: the animal, which is not swift, soon flies to its warren for refuge, where it is suffo-

cated with the fumes of lighted straw. There is a breed perfectly inodorous, and comparatively little destructive; this is called the Sweet-mart. In this neighbourhood there have been abundance of foxes and wild cats, for the production of every head of which the peasantry received a pecuniary compensation.

EXCURSION XI.

From Keswick to Buttermere, through Borrowdale.

	Miles.	Miles.
Rossthwaite		6
Seat Oller	1¾	7¾
Summit of the road near Yew Crag	2	9¾
Honister Crag	¾	10½
Gatesgarth	1½	12
Hassness	½	12½
Inn at Buttermere	1½	14

At the small village of Seat Oller, the Buttermere road leaves that to Wast Water, and passes two hundred yards from the bridge; crossing the river that ripples by the road, all the mountain tops from Coatbarrow to Glaramara appear, by degrees, as the traveller advances. These are Coatbarrow in Watenlath; High Knotts and Wythburn Head, Goody Gill Head, and Maw Edge, on the right of which is Rossthwaite Cam, with the craggy line of summit extending to Coom head, including Dove nest, and the yawning cavern called Coom Door.

Proceeding from the top of the pass Fleetwith appears, and on its side Honister Crag, one of the most stupendous rocks in Cumberland. Here may be observed one of those tracks on which slaters ascend to their daily labours. From many quarries, where the descent is not particularly steep, the slate is conveyed to the lower lands in carts, but from Honister, not many years since, it was invariably brought down by men, in hurdles placed at their backs, and on ground so steep that it could scarcely be credited by persons not witnessing the circumstance. This use of the hurdle is still continued on Yew Crag. The

road all the way to Gatesgarth is bordered by huge rocks; and, in a winding course, has, on the left, the tremendous Honister; and on the right, Yew Crags and Gatesgarth side, and at their feet, a fretful stream, which after various traverses and boundings, falls into the peaceful lake of Buttermere. At the end of Honister Crag or Fleetwith, stands the sheep farm-house, and other dwellings, called Gatesgarth, half a mile from the head of Buttermere. This is, indeed, a very tremendous scene; like all the valleys we had yet found, it had a peculiar character: its features were its own, it was not a vista, like the valley of Watenlath, nor had it any of the sudden turns of the valley of Borrowdale; but it wound slowly and solemnly in one segment, being at least half a quarter of a mile from side to side, which distance is pretty uniformly observed; the rocky mountains which environ it keeping their line with great exactness, at least never breaking out into any violent projections.

"The area of this valley is in general concave, the sides almost perpendicular, composed of a kind of broken craggy rock, ruins of which every where strew the valley, and give it still more the idea of desolation. The river also which runs through it is as wild as the valley itself. It has no banks but the fragments of rocks; no bed but a channel composed of rocky stratra; among which the water forces its course. Its channel as well as its bank is composed of loose stones and fragments, which break and divide the stream into a succession of wild impetuous eddies.

"A stream, which is the natural source of plenty, is perhaps, when unaccompanied with verdure, the strongest emblem of desolation; it shews the spot to be so barren that even the greatest source of abundance can produce nothing. The whole valley, indeed, joined in impressing the same ideas. Faithful nature making in every part of her ample range, unremitting efforts to vegetate, could not here produce a single germ.

"As we proceeded the grandeur of the valley in-

creased. We had been prepared indeed to see the highest precipices, which the country produced; such a preface is generally productive of disappointment, but on this occesion it did no injury; the fancy had still its scope. We found the mountains so overhung with clouds, that we could form little judgment of their height: our guide told us they were twice as high as we could see; which, however, we did not believe from the observation we were able to make, as the clouds at intervals floated past, and discovered here and there the shadowy forms of the rocky summits. A great height, however, they certainly were; and the darkness in which they were wrapped gave us a new illustration of the grandeur of those ideas which arise from obscurity. The middle of the valley is adorned as these valleys in some parts often are, by a craggy hill; on the top of which stands the fragment of a rock, that looked, in Ossian's language, like *the stone of power*, the rude deity of desolation. The most eligible rout to Buttermere is considered to be by a ride up Newland Vale, which brings you to Buttermere, where the rich vale of Newland skirts a horrible precipice for miles; a chain of bold fells range themselves upon its borders, clothed with a green vellum down to the bottom, and agreeably relieve the eye, long stretched in a painfully exclusive survey of the Gouldscope, a stupendous ferruginous mountain on the right. It was worked as a copper mine in the reign of Elizabeth, and was formerly probably called *Gold Scoop*, for it is said to have yielded some quantity of gold to a party of Dutch miners, who came into England with the Prince of Orange, and studiously concealed their discovery by conversing only in their vernacular tongue. About the year 1715 the Mine Acts were passed, and the Dutchmen dispossesed of their treasure. It was again worked in 1780, but with little encouragement.

But to return to our route; proceeding up Newland Vale, eight miles brings us to Buttermere. On the

way, the stranger will be most agreeably surprised by some of the finest pastoral scenes that can be imagined. The mountains are grand and sublime and void of projecting precipice or over-hanging cliff. They differ much both in form and colour; large hollow craters scooped in their bosoms, once the seeming seats of raging liquid fire, now overflow with the purest water, that foams down their craggy sides; other woods adorn their base, and other lakes, clear as the Derwent, lie at their feet. The softer part of these scenes are verdant hills patched with wood, spotted with rock, and afford pasture for herds and flocks. Having turned the brow of the hill from Swinside, the road continues winding through a glade along the side of a rapid brook that tumbles down a stony channel with water as clear as crystal.

Turning at the hedge-row tree, under Rawlingend, we have a new and pleasant view of the vale of Keswick. The road now takes a gentle ascent, and the rivulet is heard murmuring below. At the upper end of the cultivated part of the vale, a green pyramidal hill, divided into waving enclosures, looks down upon Keswick. The verdant hills on each side terminate in rude awful mountains, towering to the skies in a variety of grotesque forms, many torrents foaming from their sides. Above Keskadale, which are the last houses in Newland, few traces of human industry appear: Mr. Gilpin calls this "a dead mountain recess, environed on every side, except the entrance, by smooth sloping hills which are adorned neither by wood, rock, nor broken ground." The vale now becomes a dell, the road a path. The lower parts afford pasture; the middle feed sheep, and the upper regions, inaccessible to men, are abandoned to the bird of Jove. In approaching the head of Newland Hawse, on the left, a mountain of purple-coloured rock presents numerous gaping chasms, excavated by torrents that fall in[to] [a] basin formed on the bosom of the mountain, [and] hence precipitating themselves over a wall [of] rock they be-

come a brook below. In front is a vast rocky mountain, the barrier of the dell that seems to oppose all further access: but Mr. Gilpin and his party mention their passage through the Hawse or stoppage, which, though not so steep as the mountain which led them to Watenlath, was of much longer continuance, and in some parts carried them very near to the edges of the precipice. Here, says Mr. West, whoever would enjoy with ease and safety, alpine views and pastoral scenes, in the sublime style, may have them in this morning ride.

Here innocence may wander safe from foes,
And contemplation soar on seraph wings;
O solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

As we proceed we see a new creation of mountains as unlike those left behind as the Andes are to the Alps. On the right, at the head of a deep green hill, a naked furrowed mountain of an orange hue has a strange appearance amongst its verdant neighbours, and in height rivals even Skiddaw itself. Descending the track on the left, we behold a most singular contrast: viz. four spiral towering heights, dark, dun, and gloomy at noon day, rising immediately from the western extremity of the deep narrow dell, and hanging over Buttermere. The more southern is called by the dalesmen, Hayrick, from its form, the most pointed one, High Crag; the third, Highstile, and the fourth, from its iron colour, Red Pike. Between the second and third there is a large crater, that appears to have been the focus of a volcano at some distant period of time, when the cones were produced by explosion. At present, it is the reservoir of water that feeds the roaring cataract seen in the descent to Buttermere. Here all is barrenness, solitude, and silence, only interrupted by the murmurs of a rill, running unseen in the narrow

bottom of a deep dell. The smooth verdant sides of the vast hills on the right are furrowed by the winter rains. Some traces of industry, however, soon obtrude themselves at the foot of the glen, and point out our return to society, for we now approach the village of Buttermere, situated betwixt the lakes. The life of the inhabitants here before the lake were so much frequented, was purely rustic; the women spun woollen yarn, and some of the men were employed in the slate quarries. Above the village we have the view of the upper lake, two miles in length, and short of one in breadth, and terminated on the western side by Red Pike. The shore on the east is cultivated; and a group of houses, called Gatesgarth, forms the southern extremity under the most extraordinary amphitheatre of rocks that ever were seen. Honister Crag rises to an immense height, flanked by two conical mountains, with Scaf on the western side, and Fleetwith on the eastern. A hundred torrents supply the ceaseless cataracts that thunder down the rocks and form the lake or mere below.

The vale of Buttermere, which extends many miles below the lake, is a wide variegated scene, full of rising and falling grounds, woody in many parts; well inhabited in some; but fruitful and luxuriant in all; the looks of the inhabitants are generally marked with health and cheerfulness.

The best approach to Buttermere is from Scale Hill; the mountains of this vale are nowhere so impressive as from the bosom of Crummock Water.

Scale Force

Is a fine water-fall about a mile and a half from the village of Buttermere; which, being difficult of access, is not visited so much as it deserves. The fall is nearly two hundred feet, and it exceeds that of Niagara about fifty feet. Scale Force is approached by water across Crummock, which is about half a mile, or by land from Buttermere a mile and a half. After cossing the Cocker, between Buttermere and

Crummock, and the road over a boggy pasture scattered with stones, the sides of the mountain on the left will be found, on approaching, to be covered only with a few straggling trees interspersed amongst rocks. At length the way to Scale Force appears between the mountains of Mellbreak and Blea Crag. At the foot of the latter a large fissure presents itself, extending an hundred feet into the mountain. Proceeding through this frightful avenue, not more than four or five yards wide, and fenced by perpendicular rock, the force, or water-fall, presents itself in one unbroken stream, with a roar that seems to shake the mountain. The steep on each side is covered with a variety of moss, fern, ash, and oak, which being continually fed by the spray, flourish with the most delightful verdure. Some of the trees, which grow from the fissures near the top, throw a shade over the cavern below, of itself sufficiently gloomy. The spray occasioned by the falling of the water frequently rises in the form of a thick mist. This cataract is seen in all its grandeur on the day after a heavy rain. The contention between rock and water is then so loud as to alarm every stranger; but this generally subsides in the course of a few days.

The history of Mary of Buttermere, is sufficiently known to excuse its re-appearance here. Mary and her husband, a young man from the neighbourhood of Carlisle, occupied the inn kept by her father at Buttermere some years, from which they have lately removed, and now live in another part of the country.

Hassness, erected by the late Thomas Benson, Esq. looks to the foot of the lake of Buttermere, and is one mile from the inn. Fleetwith and Green Gable may be seen from the road to Hassness.

The space between Buttermere and Crummock Water, is not a mile, and consists of meadow and pasture ground.

Crummock Water

Opens soon on your right, after you leave the village of Buttermere, and pass through an open grove. A

fine expanse of water sweeps away to the right, under a rocky promontory; Randon Knot, or Buttermere Hawse. The road then winds round the rock, and under a rugged pyramidal craggy mountain. From the crest of this rock, the whole extent of the lake is discovered. On the western side, the mountains rise immediately from the water's edge, bold and abrupt. Just in front, between Blea Crag and Mellbreak, two spiral hills, the hoarse resounding noise of a waterfall is heard across the lake, concealed within the bosom of the rock, through which it forces its way. This lake is beautified with three small islands; one of rock, and the whole eastern shore is diversified with bays, the banks with scattered trees, and a few inclosures, terminated by a hanging wood. At the foot of Crummock Water is a high crowned hill, fringed with trees, and above it, on a cultivated slope, is the chapel of Loweswater, surrounded with scattered farms. Behind all, Low Fell raises its verdant front, a sweet contrast to its murky neighbours, and a pleasing termination, either as seen from this rock, or from the bosom of the lake. The chains of pyramidal mountains on each side of this narrow vale are extremely picturesque. They rise from distinct bases, and swell into the most grotesque forms of serrated or broken rocks. The water of Crummock is clear, but not so transparent as Derwent. The out-let is at the north-east corner, by the river Cocker, over which is a handsome stone bridge of four arches. This lake is four miles in length, and, in some places, almost half a mile over.

At the northern extremity of Crummock Water, stretching to the westward, is Lowes Water. This is scomthing more than a mile long, but scarcely half a mile in breadth. It is a matter of doubt, whether the eastern or western side of this little lake should be traversed first. From the inn, down hill to the bridge, and thence up hill to the Smithy, it is three quarters of a mile to the church, an ancient and picturesque building, in which Mary of Butter-

mere was married. Near the church is a public house. From the chapel, over the bridge, and by Kirk head, it is half a mile to the common, where, under the rugged end of Mellbreak, Lowswater may be seen at each end, bordered by delightful groves of trees. Carling Knott, on the left, and Low Fell, on the right, shelter it east and west. On the north it is inclosed, and the elevations are humble. Hence, the way to the lake is by Barrgate, Steal Bank, Mill Hill, High Nook, and Water Yeat, and a number of farms and cottages.

The road on the western side of Lowswater is good, in dry weather, and at all times much better than that under Mellbreak. The road from the side of the lake to the water-fall stream, is thence over fields, leading up to some houses called Water End. From this place it is a quarter of a mile to the common, and half a mile to the joining of this road to that, by Ennerdale and Colder bridge to Wast Water. But, in this excursion round Lowswater, the road is on the right from Water End to the public road, which on an abrupt descent to the lake, by the lower houses at Water end, has in view the rich landscape encircling Lowswater.

Ennerdale Water

Is situated about four miles south of Lowswater, but the most convenient way to Ennerdale is by a circuitous route, by Lamplugh; and entering the vale on the west of the lake, the only side not defended by mountains almost impassable. It is about two miles and a half in length. Gillerthwaite is a narrow tract of cultivated land, formed into a peninsula on the lake, the verdure and fertility of this spot is strongly contrasted by the barren mountains by which it is environed. From Gillerthwaite the road leads to How Hall, once a stately mansion, belonging to the family of the Patricksons. This is a good station for a general view of the lake and Vale of Ennerdale.

Sty Head, Honister Crag, Wast Dale, the Pillar, and Red Pike, compose the mountain scenery of this

dreary region. Honister Crag, not producing even a blade of grass, exhibits a most dreary aspect, and the scenery around him is nothing but extreme sterility and wildness.

In a ride from Keswick to Ennerdale, the mountains, between whose bases an irregular avenue opens for the curious tourist, are more variegated than those in other regions of this little world of wonders. In the course of ten minutes' travelling, he will behold the most beautiful verdure climbing to the summit of one, a bushy wood creeping to the top of another, and the most tremendous fragments of rock scowling from the front of a third. The pillar challenges particular notice.

If a transient storm disturb or intercept the view, which frequently happens in the serenest days of summer, the appearance is not only awful but pleasing; and the traveller will frequently *behold* a tempest without *feeling* it. The commotion is far above him; and where he treads, all is calm, solemn, and silent. As he approaches the vale of Ennerdale, in whose bosom one of the most enchanting of the lakes is seated, he will find the rugged scenery of the country gradually refining; and as he winds round the foot of the Pillar, he will discover a vista, which cannot fail to strike the most indifferent observer with astonishment and pleasure.

Gillerthwaite is not, however, an island, though almost as much contrasted in the landscape as land with water. It is a patch of enclosed and apparently high-cultivated ground, on a stony desert of immeasurable extent; for the mountains on each side of it are the most barren in their aspect, and continue that appearance till their heads mix with the horizon. There are two decent farm-houses on the enclosure, and, from the serpentine tract of the valley, no other habitation of man is visible

From Gillerthwaite, the road already briefly described leads towards the pride of the valley, once the seat of power and splendour, of which some

faint remains are yet to be traced. The place here alluded to is How-Hall, a mansion formerly of some note. The estate, by purchase, came into possession of the Senhouses, and is now the property of Joseph Tiffin Senhouse, Esq. of Calder-Abbey. —The following inscription, in Saxon characters, is yet visible over the principal door of How-Hall:—

"*This house was built, A. D.* 1566, *by William Patrickson, and Frances his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Swynburn, one of the privy counsellors to King Henry VIII.*"

Within these few years, several visitors of the lakes extend their tour, by taking in Whitehaven, and proceeding from thence, by Cleator and Kinnyside, to Ennerdale Bridge, at which place guides can be procured, to conduct them by the best route to Ennerdale Broad-water; and, if they choose, from thence to Lowes-water, Buttermere, &c.—This part of the journey (without which the tour is incomplete) cannot, however, be performed in a carriage; but a ride on horseback will amply recompense the trouble, for the scenery is delightful, and the objects have been pronounced (as well by many gentlemen of taste as by artists of much celebrity) *highly interesting*. Many such have ventured to prefer these views even to some of those which have attracted so much attention from the patrons of the fine arts.

Certain it is, the approach to the lake of Ennerdale, to Lowes-water, and to Buttermere, is from no other quarter so magnificent and captivating. The lake of Ennerdale appears in view. To the left, a majestic wood, rising gradually up the side of Cold-Fell from the opposite shore of the water, imparts the most graceful ornament to the entrance into a region perfectly different from the last. A short turn to the right lays the whole lake and valley open to the view, and Herd-House presents his tawny front, as regent of the scene. The furniture of the lake (if the expression may be allowed) is totally changed: on the traveller's side (the east) the farms are stretched

out, and exhibit a verdure seldom exceeded in the most fertile parts of this kingdom; and in a compass of a few miles, the number of small tenements seem to say, with Goldsmith,

"*Here* every rood of ground maintains its man."

On the opposite shore of this little ocean (which is frequently seen vexed with *little* storms of short duration) the mountain towers with great dignity; neither terrible nor inviting in its aspect, but suited to the serenity of the spot, which is calculated to inspire sentiments at once sublime and cheerful.

Wast Water lies about five miles to the south of Buttermere, and may be visited without approaching the latter place.

The road to this lake from Keswick, through Borrowdale, leads by Sty Head. The descent from Sty to Wastdale is much easier, and perhaps more amusing than the ascent. As a horse-road, this way to Wastdale Head, Mr. Green thinks the grandest among the lakes. "The road is well defined, generally well made, and kept in as good repair as the extraordinary declivity will admit of. It is full of sharp turns and bends, which, though lengthening the journey, renders it much easier to travel than if carried forward in a straighter line. From the top of the Sty is seen the peaceful vale of Wastdale, and in the distance Yewbarrow. The road is down the side of Great Gable, whose surface is one series of huge projecting rocks. On the left, over the deep ravine below the road, in towering sublimity, appear Great End and the Pikes. Nearer the bottom of the vale are Lingmell Crags.

Wastdale Head is a narrow but fruitful vale; all its inhabitants are shepherds, and live at the feet of the most stupendous mountains. Of six families at Wastdale, when Mr. Green visited it, three of them were landholders. There was no mill, public-house, shop or tradesman in the valley, notwithstanding its distance, fifteen miles from Egremont or Keswick.

Wast Water has in its composition more of the sublime than the rest of the English lakes, and each of the mountains that enclose it has a distinct and characteristic appearance. Near the head of the lake, at the end of Lingmell, Scawfell gradually makes its appearance, and Mickledoor, with its awful mouth, is succeeded by the Pikes.

Into Wastdale are three horse-roads, viz. over the Sty from Borrowdale, a short cut over a ridge from Scawfell, by Burnmoor Tarn, the road from which descending by the head of Wastdale-water is much the best approach. From Burnmoor we may proceed to Ravenglass, the peculiar situation of which, as to water, is worthy of notice.

Some wit in the Lonsdale Magazine, taking advantage of the local situation of Ravenglass, and its proximity to the *Mite*, the *Esk*, the *Irk*, and the *sea*, has thus given vent to his satirical humour.

Every place has something good,
Flowery lane or coppice wood,
Stately grove or glade of glass,
Every place but Ravenglass.

Twice a day the Little *Mite*
Swells itself to such a height,
That not a living soul can pass
From Egremont to Ravenglass.

Then the *Esk* comes rolling down,
Threat'ning every one to drown,
As from *Wabbethwaite* they pass,
Across the Ford to Ravenglass.

The *Irt* to seaward cannot creep
Till at the town it had a peep,
And joins the *Mite*, and thus they pass
Right in front of Ravenglass.

Mountains come so near the *sea*,
Scarce permitting house or tree,
And Sandhills brown make up the mass
Of prospects had at Ravenglass.

An elegant writer adverting to the situation of Stybarrow Crag, with the deep waters of Ulswater on the one hand, and "the mighty Helvellyn" on the other, observes, we might easily suppose these had given rise to the following description, by Sir Walter Scott, which certainly pourtrays with great accuracy this celebrated pass.

At length they came where stern and steep
The hills sink down upon the deep.
Here, Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on
Beneath steep bank and threat'ning stone:
An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against an host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of ash and oak;
With shingles bare and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black that wav'd so high
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dark osiers fring'd the swamp and hill,
And oft both path and hill were torn
Where wintry torrent down had borne
And heap'd upon the cumber'd land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.

From the difficulty of access, excepting on the side of Egremont, Wastdale Lake and Village are seldom visited. Once seen, however, these interesting objects will amply compensate the traveller for his pains. "Here every thing," Dr. Robinson observes, "is rural, and appears in the true style of pastoral simplicity.

"The Screes, a very high ridge of mountains, run along the eastern side of the lake, and the loose rocks on its sides are in almost continual motion, falling in shivers into the water. In Lower Wastdale is a public house. Hospitality is the characteristic of the inhabitants of this secluded valley."

The lake here is three miles in length, and in the widest part about three quarters of a mile in breadth. The scenery of this lake has been pourtrayed with equal beauty and accuracy by a modern poet:—

"There is a lake hid far among the hills,
That raves around the throne of solitude,
Not fed by gentle streams or playful rills,
But headlong cataract or rushing flood.
There gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood,
No spot of sunshine lights her sullen side,
For horror shaped the wild in wrathful mood,
And o'er the tempest heaved the mountain's pride."

Wilson's Isle of Palms.

If, however, you should decline visiting Wast Water, which is generally done, after exploring the beauties of Buttermere and Crummock Water, you may extend your researches to the vale of Lorton; visiting or not, as may be convenient, Lowes Water in the way. Proceeding from Brackenthwaite, a guide may be hired at the commodious Inn at Scale Hill, to the summit of the Craggy height, about half a mile from it, whence the view is rich. On one side is spread a bird's eye landscape of immense extent, terminated by the VALE of LORTON, which is watered by the river Cocker. Exactly over head, Grasmere rears its frowning aspect; and Crummock Water appears on the right, in an advantageous point of view. Mr. Gilpin observes of the Vale of Lorton, here "all is simplicity and repose. Nature in this spot lays totally aside her majestic frown, and wears only a lovely smile." The Vale of Lorton running a considerable way between mountains at about a mile distant, these are near enough to screen it from the storm, and yet not so impending as to exclude the sun. A bright stream which pours along a rocky channel, ornaments this vale, and sparkles down in numerous little cascades. Its banks are adorned with wood, and varied by different objects; a bridge, a mill, a hamlet; a glade overhung

with wood, or some little sweet recess, or natural vista. The vale is about two miles and a half in length.

EXCURSION XII.

From Ambleside.

	Miles.	Miles.
Lake of Windermere		
Brathay Bridge	1	1
High Wray	4	5
Ferry House	3	8
Newby Bridge	7	15
Bowness	8	23
Ambleside	6	29

The eastern or the western side of Esthwaite Water may be pursued instead of passing High Wray and the Ferry House. This will cause little difference in the distance; but is recommended only as a variety to those who may have before seen the northern half of the Lancashire side of Windermere.

Windermere is usually crossed at the Ferry House in all carriage excursions, where it is intended to be viewed on both sides on the same day, unless it is in an excursion round the lake, a distance of about 29 miles. The best way of pursuing this journey is to pass down the western side of the lake by Brathay Bridge according to the route.

WINDERMERE.

Windermere is the largest lake in England, being twelve miles long; it is, towards the head, considerably more than a mile broad; and between this and the islands, about half way down the water, it is seldom less than a mile, but narrows gradually from the islands to Newby Bridge at the foot of the Lake. This water may be conveniently navigated from all the Inns round it, boats being moored at proper distances. Some make a morning's aquatic excursion from Ambleside to the Ferry House, the Station, the great or Curwen Island, and sometimes to Bowness.

To see all these places to advantage, will take up nearly a day. Such as like boating, and who remain at an Inn or a lodging for any time, may be greatly pleased with the little excursions in their different neighbourhoods. The views both from land and water have each a peculiar attraction. Open carriages are generally preferred; for if the weather be fine, the party by changing places may see the surrounding objects in all directions. The river Brathay, after making several winding sweeps and exquisite openings to the country, empties itself into the lake. Here rocks splendidly crowned with trees, rise beautifully out of the water, and make excellent combinations with the craggy steeps of Loughrigg Fell, the mountains of Ambleside and Rydal. The finest water view from the head of the lake is about half a mile south of the Brathay's junction with the lake: here, as from one station on the water, are seen to the greatest advantage, Little and Great Langdale, Loughrigg, Rydal, Ambleside, and Troutbeck; the high grounds of Applethwaite, Orrest, Bowness, Cartmel Fell, and the lands above Wray. Dove Nest is a delightful seat, greatly improved by Mr. Pedder, and commands a very interesting view down Windermere.

The lands on the immediate borders of Windermere are fertile, and richly decorated with a profusion of fine trees and shrubs in every imaginable and tasteful variety. Windermere is rich in its prospects, having several distinctly featured distances; first, the Longdale Pikes; the views of the island down the lakes; the head of the lake having the great and lesser islands in the middle, the Rydal mountains, &c. in the extreme distance; the view from the Station-house, looking over the great island, having Rayrigg and the Old and New Calgarth on the banks of the lake, with the Applethwaite and Calgarth mountains in the furthest distance; and lastly, the Rydal and Ambleside mountains in an entire new combination, different from any observed be

tween Belle Grange and High Wray. Windermere is usually crossed at the Ferry-house in all carriage excursions; that round the lake makes a circuit of about 29 miles. On the opposite shore, the village of High Wray, and the buildings at Brathay and Clappersgate, give animation to the scenery. The pikes of Langdale, and the mountains of Eskdale, Wastdale, and Borrowdale, finish this splendid exhibition. Bowfell is the principal.

Windermere has been justly described, as preserving the dignity of its character under all circumstances, being seldom depressed below, and as seldom elevated above its ordinary level. But though not perceptibly swollen by rains, it is often agitated by winds and sudden squalls, thus emulating the grandeur of a disturbed ocean. Thus navigators are warned against every appearance of a tendency to stormy weather. Besides trout, perch, and pike, char abounds here, the *case char* and the *gelt char;* the first is so called because it has not spawned the preceding season, and is thought more delicate. The *char* here are nearly twice as large as the herring, and in form resemble the trout, though of a much more delicate flavour. Wild fowl haunt the banks of Windermere, and appear sometimes sitting in black groupes on the water; or they rise and sink with the waves. At other times they fly round the lake in files, or settle upon some bank or station.

This lake has seventeen islands, Lady Holm, near the largest of them, called Great Holm, was so named from the Virgin, who had formerly a Chapel or Oratory upon it. On the road from Kendal to the Great Boat House, might lately have been seen the ruins of the Holy Cross, where Pilgrims used to offer up their devotions. Two other of these islands are named from the lily of the valley which grows upon them in profusion. To Lowood Inn, the road continues almost on a level with the lake, more than a mile from the head of Windermere. This is a pleasant halting place, and the fields above it, and the lane

that leads to Troutbeck, present beautiful views. From this place and from Ambleside, rides may be taken in numerous directions, and the interesting walks are inexhaustible.

A late tourist makes the following reflections upon a tour round Windermere. I left Kendal on the 15th July, in company with two learned and agreeable friends. Our prime intention was to visit Windermere—the Queen of the Lakes. As the morning was invitingly fine, we determined to accept the opportunity of exercising our frames, and gratifying our minds with what the pleasing walk to Bowness could afford us. Agriculture smiled around us; and Plenty was gathering into her lap the earliest of the summer's produce. The town had poured out its swarms into the environs to hive within it the surrounding stores; and the country with its tawny sons and daughters of Industry was universally engaged in the same act of toilsome labour. The eye could wander around in no direction, but it there met with either the traces, or the fruits of their salutary toil. Happy, thought I, are ye, ye rustics, in a state of such apparently blissful simplicity. When an almost diurnal variety of pursuits leads you forth from your cots of content—in the salubrious hour of morning—ere the sun has yet burst upon the eastern horizon! When the sparkling dew-drops glitter around you, and you seem to trample a myriad of diamonds beneath your feet! When the air is impregnated with the odorous scents of a thousand nectareous flowers—when it wafts their grateful effluvia around you, and you inhale the pure breath of more than ambrosial sweetness! When the gentle refreshing breeze cools your blood in the sultry hour of noon-tide! When the mild zephyrs fan your bodies parched by the action of post-meridian sunbeams; and charged with health collected beyond the Atlantic, when they wing their way to shed its balmy influence in reviving gales upon you! Yes, happy are ye, ye rustics—happy indeed—if happi-

ness consist in *externals*, or if happiness consist most in a *variety* of pursuits!

The rustic and his hay-making we soon left principally behind us. The geological aspect of the country changed. The transition rock of stratified lime-stone, which abounds near the town and in the vicinity, gave way to the primary or blue schist of a nearly perpendicular lamellar strata. Nothing but angular elevations of this rock now characterized the scene both on hill and in dale; so that it appeared as if we had stepped out of Arabia *felix* into Arabia *petræa*. Our contemplations were imperceptibly carried away with this change, and from the regular and pleasing we scanned the irregular and frowning. What impressions were now stamped on our minds! What ideas now excited! Such, as it be may supposed, would have laid eternally dormant within us, had they not been roused by objects so novel to us in the extreme! Oh how man enjoys a continually varying scene! How it delights his senses—how it entertains and edifies his mind—especially, when with a philosophic and religious eye he views the created objects around him, and then, from the ecstacies of his soul, silently breathes out aspirations of wonder and praise to creation's God.

The exhaling powers of the sun's caloric rendered it necessary for us to apply frequently to the houses upon the road, for fluids to quench our thirst, and supply the respective glands with their requisites for action. The almost artless simplicity, which chiefly predominated in the expression of most of the peasants' countenances, recommended them to our notice, and particularly the unmerited respect which they paid us. I sat mostly in silence, with my eyes intent upon their countenances, while my friends conversed with them; and I must say that I felt myself much interested, both in their looks and in their expressions. How natural and how powerful were most of their attitudes! How strong and ener-

getic their diction! Nature, uninfluenced by the prejudices of education, sat dictator in their hearts. Their language was thence void of ornament—shall I say, and altogether void of *art* too? No, even here Art has its abode. It is a constituent of our corrupt nature: and will be ever found, more or less, to pervade the poor man in his cot, as well as the rich man in his mansion. Learning and influence cannot produce it—they can only extend and modify its action. For a continued observation of human nature in all the circles of life, tends to prove, that artifice lurks within us, and operates generally in the proportion, in which opportunity and outward circumstances present it with a medium for action.

At length we gained the elevation on the road which commands the first prospect of the lake. Our minds had hitherto been, as we thought, sufficiently engaged—yet their engagements now at once became more particular and more general—more particular, in noticing the peculiar effects of detached portions of the scene—and more general, in observing the grand novel contrast of the varied whole. The dim undulating outline of the *distant* mountains shooting far into the western horizon—the bleak inhospitable aspects of those *intervening*, increasing their cliffy summits in proportion to their near approach—and the long extended lake stretching its prostrate length almost like a sea before us, were such striking characteristics as the eye seldom witnesses. It was here where I first obtained some idea of the wild majesty, the noble and vast sublimity of nature—here, where I first could bring into one natural scope, the combined grandeur and delectability of Swiss and Italian scenes.

We had scarcely arrived at Bowness, ere we ordered a boat and launched out into this miniature Mediterranean. The sun was just descending to the verge of the opposing mountains as we set sail; and that still calmness which in fine weather generally

commences upon his departure, had already smoothed the surface of the deep, and given a glorious reflection to the limpid mirror beneath us. We seemed to float in the middle space of ether—before us were two suns upon their horizons, both sinking in the mild refulgence of their departing splendour into the bosom of another hemisphere: and beneath and above them two similar concave vaults stretching their azure projections far behind us. From these the philosopher with his quadrant might have found the just power of the refraction of the water. Conjecture told us that the height of the mountains, and the distance of other objects appeared diminished one third; but, as we were not *professed* philosophers, conjecture might deceive us. Suffice it however to say, that our theoretical notions of optics were not impaired by our observations, but rather strengthened. The reason perhaps too is obvious—"excercitatio optimus est magister."

We landed at the Ferry Inn and advanced to the Station. We soon arrived at a superb gate and entrance, set, as I thought, in mock majesty, at the foot of an inaccessible rock, and wood impervious. But upon gaining admission, how great was my surprise, when it unfolded unto me a paradise decorated with all the garden-blooms of an Eden! I halted, and cast my eyes around this little enchanting spot. It was wholly the work of Art—the hand-maid to Nature, purposely designed to relieve the attention with the utmost efforts of her skill, till she ushered us into a scene which sets the very genius of description at defiance. The effect of the scene, when viewed through these, was such as the finest imagination might perhaps in some propitious moment produce. I now sat down in the front window, and threw up the sash. A number of boats was shooting along the lake in different directions. The uncommon stillness of the evening rendered every sound accessible to the ear. The dashing of the oars, softened by

their distance, and the alternate blasts of a shrill-toned trumpet, mingling occasionally into a wild harmony, had something of a soothing influence in them, which corresponded with the prevailing taste of our minds. We long listened to them with pleasure, till they reached their respective harbours.

Twilight had now begun to overspread the heavens with her dusky mantle: and we meditated our return. All the crannies of the cliff upon which the station is erected, support some shrub, either indigenous or exotic. The common laurel here vegetates surprisingly: and the different species of the rose bloom in all their glory; while lichens of different habits clothe the very rocks. But we had no time to botanize; indeed, our minds were not in a state suited to that rational pursuit. The whole garb of Nature, and her bold structure, were more the objects of our present attention than the analytical parts of her contexture or superficial conformation. We dared to embrace more of her wonders than those concentrated in a single plant or mineral—we stretched out our minds to the contemplation of myriads. Oh Nature—thou art surely alike formed for the corporeal and mental advantage of man! One spark of thy inspiration is more expansive to the soul, than all those which the world can strike beside!

We resumed our seats in the boat and set sail. Distant objects were now but imperceptibly seen. Every recreating party had retired, and we were left alone on the bosom of the lake. Darkness was gradually gathering around us, and a universal "expressive silence" was commencing, as if creation's self was retiring to rest. No picturesque object now entertained the eye, save the still reflecting lake faintly dispersing the rays which fell upon its surface from the languishing western horizon. 'Twas a time fitted for meditation. My two friends landed at the nearest point; and I remained in the boat—a silent passenger. I gave way to a train of reflections, such as the previous impressions on my ind

and the surrounding solemnity required; in the midst of which I arrived at Bowness, where I waited until my friends came up.

Passing Orrest, Elleray is seen, and the Bowness road to Ambleside from the bridge, in the same direction, we observe the avenue to Calgarth Park, the seat of the late Bishop of Llandaff.

Calgarth House is a heavy edifice, in a marshy bottom, a station so unhappily selected as to exclude every interesting view of the enchanting scenery that surrounds it. This perhaps may account for the general silence of tourists with respect to this mansion.

Windermere on this side communicates with two lateral valleys—Troutbeck and that of Hawkshead. The latter is best seen from the approach from the Ferry over Windermere. At Lowood Inn a small cannon has long been kept to gratify the curious with those remarkable reverberations of sound which follow the report of a gun.

"Here oft . . . . . the cannon's roar
Bursts from the bosom of the hollow shore;
The dire explosion the whole concave fills,
And shakes the firm foundation of the hills.
Now pausing deep, now bellowing from afar,
Now rages near the elemental war:
Affrighted Echo opens all her cells,
With gather'd strength the posting clamour swells,
Check'd or impell'd, and varying in its course,
It slumbers—now awakes with double force,
Searching the straight and crooked hill and dale,
Sinks in the breeze and rises in the gale:
Chorus of earth and sky! the mountains sing,
And Heaven's own thunder thro' the valleys ring."

After quitting Lowood Inn, the traveller may leave the margin of the water, and pass through groves and secluded farms without seeing the water again till he arrives opposite Calgarth; about half a mile further from which is a prospect of Winder-

mere, and the principal part of its islands. The surrounding mountains, though high, are inferior to those we have described on the confines of the lakes, and slope to the water in an irregular manner. About a mile from Bowness is Rayrigg, a little village, with Rayrigg Hall, the seat of the Reverend J Fleming.

The picturesque beauties of Windermere have been thus described by Mr. Hutchinson:—

"The hills seen around the lake, except those above Ambleside, are humble, the margin of the water is irregular and indented, and every where composed of cultivated lands, woods, and pastures, which descend with an easy fall down to the lake, forming a multitude of bays and promontories, and giving it the appearance of a large river; in the narrowest parts not unlike the Thames below Richmond. On that part where the Furness Fell forms the shore, the scene is more rude and romantic. The western side of this lake is in Lancashire, the eastern in Westmorland. As we sailed down the lake, we had two views which comprehended all the beauties of the lake; we rested upon the oars in a situation where, looking down the lake, we took into the prospect the greatest extent of water; the shore was indented by woody promontories, which shot into the lake on each side to a considerable distance, to the right, were the hills of Furness Fell, which are the highest that arise immediately from the water, consisting chiefly of rocks, which, though not rugged and deformed, have their peculiar beauty, being scattered over with trees and shrubs, each growing separate and distant: the brow of this rock overlooks a pretty peninsula, on which the ferry-boat house stands, concealing its white front in a grove of sycamores. Whilst we were looking out on it, the boat was upon its way, with several horse passengers, which greatly graced the scene. To the left a small island of a circular form, covered with a thicket of birch and ash wood;

beyond which the hills that arose from the lake in gentle ascents to the right, were covered with rich herbage and irregular groves; on the left side of the lake, enclosures of meadow, sweeping gently away from the water, lay bounded by a vast tract of woods, and overtopped with hills of moorish ground and heath; the most distant heights, which formed the back-ground, were fringed with groves, over which they lifted their brown eminences in various shapes. Upwards on the lake we looked on a large island of about 30 acres of meagre pasture ground, in an irregular oblong figure; here and there some mis-shapen oak-trees bend their crooked branches on the sandy brinks, and one little grove of sycamores shelters a cottage."

Mr. Wordsworth thus poignantly describes the alterations, called *improvements*, that have been recently made upon this island:—

"The venerable wood that had grown for centuries round the small house called St. Herbert's Hermitage, had long been felled by its native proprietor, and the whole island planted anew with Scotch firs, a melancholy phalanx, defying the power of the winds, and disregarding the regret of the spectator, who might otherwise have cheated himself into a belief that some of the decayed remains of these oaks, the place of which was in this manner usurped, had been planted by the hermit's own hand. This sainted spot, however, has sustained comparatively little injury. At the bidding of an alien improver, the Herd's Cottage, upon Vicar's Island, in the same lake, with its embowering sycamores and cattle-shed, disappeared from the corner where they stood, and right in the middle, and upon the precise point of the island's highest elevation, rose a tall square habitation, with four sides, exposed like an astronomer's observatory, or a warren house, reared upon an eminence for the detection of depredators; or like the Temple of Æolus, where all the winds pay him obedience. Round this novel

structure, but at a respectful distance, platoons of firs were planted, as if to protect their commander when weather and time should somewhat have shattered his strength. Within the narrow limits of this island were typified also the state and strength of a kingdom and its religion, as it had been and was; for neither was the Druidical circle uncreated, nor the church of the present establishment; nor the stately pier, emblem of commerce and navigation: nor the fort to deal out thunder upon the approaching invader. The taste of a succeeding proprietor rectified the mistakes, as far as practicable, and has ridded the spot of all its puerilities. The church having been docked of its steeple, is applied both ostensibly and really to the purpose for which the body of the pile was originally erected, namely, a boat-house. The fort is demolished, and without indignation on the part of the Druids, who officiated at the circle upon the opposite hill, the mimic arrangement of stones, with its *sanctum sanctorum*, has been swept away."

But to return to Mr. Hutchinson:—

"Whilst I view the lake upwards, with its environs, the beautiful crags of Furness Fell, over which trees, dispersed in an agreeable wilderness, form the front ground on the left, and, by their projection, cover the hills, which are further advanced towards the head of the lake, which makes a curve bearing from the eye; three small woody islands, of a fine circular figure, swelling to a crown in their centres, arise from out of the lake; and, with the deep verdure of their trees, give an agreeable tint to the expanse of water, in length six miles, and nearly a mile in breadth, shining and bright as a mirror; we viewed the agreeable variety of the adjacent country. To the right, woodlands and meadows, in many little peninsulas and promontories, descended with easy slopes to the brink of the lake, where Bowness Church, and its cottages, arose above the trees; beyond which lay the seat of Fletcher Fleming, Esq.

situate on the brink of the lake, and covered on every side with rich woodland; further were cots and villages dispersed on the rising ground: in front stood Ambleside, and at the opening of the deep vale of Rydal, the house of Sir Michael le Fleming, shielded on either hand by a wing of hanging forests, climbing up the steeps of the mountains. The nearest back-ground to the right is composed of an eminence called Orrest-head, rising gradually to a point, and cultivated to its crown, which sweet mount is contrasted by the vicinage of the crags of Briscot-hoe, which overtop the extensive woodlands of Sir M. le Fleming; then Troutbeck Parks arise, where the hills begin to increase in magnitude, and form the range of mountains which are extended to Keswick, diversified with pasturage, dells, and cliff; looking over, with Langdon Pikes, three mountains, rising in perfect cones, extending their heads, surmounted only by the rocky and barren brow of Kirkstone Fell, whose cliffs overlook the whole.

"The lake of Windermere differs very much from those of Ulswater and Keswick. Here almost every object in view, on the whole lake, confesses cultivation. The islands are numerous, but small and woody, and rather bear a resemblance to the artificial circles raised on gentlemen's ponds for their swans.

"The greatest depth of Windermere, we were told, was not more than forty fathoms. The water abounds in pike, trout, char, eels, and perch. The lake, whilst we visited it, was covered with the boats of fishing parties; it being customary for the country people, after their harvest, to make their days of jubilee in that diversion."

Bowness, on the eastern side of the lake, is the great mart for fish and charcoal, commodities largely imported here, and carried inland. Its harbour is crowded with different vessels, and some of them are used as pleasure boats upon the lake. From an emi-

nence above Bowness, this, and all its accompaniments, appear in all their grandeur. "Were I your guide," said Mr. Young, "I would conduct you behind a small hill, that you might come at once upon the view, when you will be struck with astonishment at the prospect spread beneath your feet. You look down on a noble winding valley, of about twelve miles long, every where inclosed with grounds rising in a very bold and various manner; in some places bulging into mountains, abrupt, wild, and uncultivated; in others breaking into rocks, craggy, pointed, and irregular. Here rising into hills covered with the noblest woods, presenting a gloomy brownness of shade, almost from the clouds to the reflection of the trees in the limpid water of the lake they so beautifully skirt; there waving in slopes of cultivated inclosures, adorned in the sweetest manner with every object that can give variety to art, or elegance to nature; trees, woods, villages, and farms, scattered with picturesque confusion, and waving to the eye in the most romantic landscapes that nature can exhibit.

When shades of night are hast'ning down,
To steep in blue the mountains brown,
The sky is cloudless and serene,
The winds are pinion'd; and the scene
So beautiful, so wild, so sweet,
Where forests, fields, and waters meet,
Is bathed in such delicious hues,
Beneath the twilight's falling hues,
That man afar from sorrow's sphere,
Might muse away his anguish here;
Whilst o'er his erring thoughts subdued,
That quiet—tranquillizing mood,
That tone of harmony, would steal,
Which poets feign, and angels feel.

Bowness is six miles from Ambleside; the country may be seen to great advantage from an open carriage, from this place to Newby Bridge, which lies at

the foot of the lake; or an excursion may be made by water from Bowness.

From Bowness we may proceed by water to Curwen's Island, formerly called Windermere Island. As the largest on the lake was purchased from Thomas English, Esq. by Mrs. then Miss Curwen, who long ago removed the garden to Belle Grange. This island has a good landing place, and is about thirty acres in circumference. Its form is oblong; its shores irregular, occasionally broken into small bays and creeks. To the taste of John Christian Curwen, Esq. it owes many of its decorations. The surface of this island is uneven, and a sort of little Appenine ridge runs through the middle of it, falling down in all shapes into the water. The southern part is smoother than the northern, which is broken and rocky. This island formerly belonged to the Philipsons, a family of note in Westmoreland, during the civil wars, and their mansion here was called Holm House. Two brothers served Charles the First, the younger, whose name was Robert, for his many feats of personal valour, was called *Robin the Devil*, by the Oliverians in this part. In crossing the water at the ferry, Mrs. Ratcliffe observed, "the illusions of vision give force to the northern mountains, which, viewed from hence, seem to ascend from the margin and spread round it in a magnificent theatre. This was to us the most interesting view on Windermere. On our approaching the western shore, the range of rocks that form it, discovered their cliffs, and gradually assumed a consequence which the breadth of the channel had denied them, and their darkness was well opposed by the bright verdure, and variegated autumnal tints of the isles at their base." Near the isthmus of the ferry point, is a building called the Station, one of the most delightful places near the lake. In front is Rampsholm, or Berkshire island. The eastern view is adorned with all that is beautiful, grand, and sublime. To the south is Rawlinson's Nab, a high promontory jutting far into the lake,

from whence you see the lake bending in different directions in two fine sheets of water: the northern view is pleasantly broken by promontories, and small islands, and the whole is terminated by a back-ground of distant, high, and rocky mountains, which will scarcely fail to enrapture the traveller, who has scarcely seen a mountain, or a lake of more extended dimensions than the Serpentine in Hyde Park,

Proceeding from Ambleside by Bowness, towards Newby Bridge, we pass STORRS, a handsome mansion, built by the late Sir John Legard, Bart. John Bolton, Esq. the present proprietor, has added to it a superb mansion, from designs by Mr. Gandy, both fanciful and elegant. The grounds are also highly improved. At Storr's Gate, the new road to Kendal, on a fine elevation, leaves the road to that town by Bowness, and joins that to Hawkshead to Kendal, by the ferry, and that to Kendal near Windy Hall, a mile and a quarter from Bowness.

About a mile before Newby Bridge, the road along Windermere leaves Fell Foot on the right. Here the direct road to Kendal passes over Gummer's How, and one to the right, either over the sands by Cartmel, or through Millthorpe and Burton, to Lancaster. Leaving the public road, the way to the mansion of Fell Foot is through an ancient grove of evergreens.

EXCURSION XIII.

From Kendal to Hawes Water, through Long Sleddale.

	Miles.	Miles.
Watch Gate . . .		4½
Long Sleddale Chapel . .	3	7½
Sadgill Bridge . . .	2	9½
Chapel Hill at the head of Hawes Water .	4½	14

Kendal is situated in that part of Westmoreland at which the district of the lakes is considered as commencing on the eastern side.

Should the traveller wish to proceed from Lancaster to Kendal, beginning his excursions, instead of ending them, according to our arrangement with

that route, he may proceed from Lancaster, along the Kendal road, as far as Burton, eleven miles, where, instead of passing on to Kendal, he may leave that road for Milthorpe, fifteen miles from Lancaster; to Levenshall, seventeen miles; to Witherslack twenty one; Newby Bridge twenty eight miles.

The new road from Carnforth by Levens, over the Mosses, and under Whitbarrow Scar, will render a tour to Ulverston highly interesting.

From Burton there is an excellent road to Kendal, by Milthorpe. Levens Bridge is the next station; Sizergh Hall, the ancient family seat of the Stricklands, stands on the left about three miles from Kendal. This is a venerable old building: in a pleasant situation, formed, like others in ancient times, for defence. The tower is a square building, protected by two square turrets, and battlements. One of them is over the great entrance, and has a guard-room capable of containing ten or a dozen men, with embrasures. The winding staircase terminates in a turret, which defends the other entrance.

The river, on the banks of which the town stands, rises in the vale of Kentmere, about fourteen miles north of Kendal; and being joined by the streams of Applethwaite, Longlesdale, and Grayrigg, becomes so powerful, when it arrives at Kendal, as to work the machinery of several large mills. This river abounds in trout, but the salmon have lately deserted it, owing to the number of wears that have been erected.

From Kendal to Ambleside there are two roads: one by Stavely, the direct road; the other through Bowness, which is the best. Both join at Cook's House, about four miles from Ambleside; but neither of them are particularly interesting i l within sight of Windermere.

Kendal is pleasantly situated upon the river Kent, over which it has two stone bridges, and one of wood. The main street originally leading from the principal bridge, slopes upwards to the centre of the town,

and contracted itself into an inconvenient passage, where it joins another principal street, which falls, with a gentle declivity, both ways. This is a mile in length, and of a handsome breadth. The narrow passage has been widened, and a new street formed, from the centre of the town to the river side, which has much improved the road through it for carriages. The town, though ancient, is in general well built, and has a cheerful appearance. The principal Inns are genteel and commodious.

Mr. Todhunter has a valuable Museum at Kendal, highly deserving the attention of strangers and others who visit the Lakes. It consists of a very large collection of the minerals and fossils found in this part of the country: musical stones, and other curiosities, such as ancient armour, coins, medals, and sculpture. Several Roman urns, found near Kendal; a collection of stuffed birds, quadrupeds, &c.

About a mile and a half from Kendal, on the road to Ulverston, is Scout Scar, a high rock, on which is a terrace about a mile in length, facing the west, from which there is a most surprising and extensive view, which opens upon you all at once as you approach the top.

From Kendal the descent into Long Sleddale is more than three miles. In approaching the mountains Horton-fell scrawls forward in all the terrific grandeur of hanging rock. As you advance, a yawning chasm appears to divide it upwards from the base, and within it is heard the hoarse noise of ungulphed waters. The tumult of cataracts and waterfalls on all sides add much to the solemnity of these tremendous scenes. The path soon becomes winding, steep, and narrow, and is the only possible one across the mountain. The noise of a cataract on the left accompanies you during the ascent. On the summit of the mountain you soon come in sight of Long Sleddale, Lancaster Sands, &c. and in the course of your descent, you will meet with a cataract on the right. The road traverses the mountain as on

the other side, but is much better made and wider. The water-falls on the right are extremely curious. You enter Long Sleddale between two sheltered rocky mountains. That on the left, Crowbarrow, is not less terrible to look up at when under it, than any rock in Barrowside or Borrowdale. Here is every possible variety of water-falls and cataracts, the most remarkable of which is on the left. Over a most tremendous wall of rock, a mountain torrent leaps head-long one hundred yards and more in one unbroken sheet. The whole vale is narrow; the brows of the hills on each side are wooded; their feet covered with grass or cultivated, and their summits broken. The road along the vale is tolerable, and joins the great road at Watch Gate, about four miles from Kendal.

From the town of Kendal there is a steep ascent having the workhouse on the right, and a prison on the left; about two miles from the town the Bowness road turns on the left from that direct to Ambleside; Townson Hall, on the right, a little beyond the turnpike, is the seat of James Bateman, Esq. On the banks of the river Kent, about half a mile to the right, are the ruins of Burnside Hall. From Townson Hall the ascent is to asteep common, called Rotherheath. Hence, the heights of Staveley and Kentmere appear in the distance. From Staveley, five miles from Kendal, a road runs to the right, which, after passing Kentmere Tarn, proceeds through the grand and solitary vale of Kentmere, and over the high pass called Nanbield; from thence in a steep descent, by Small Water, it winds down a rugged track to Mardale, which lies at the head of Haweswater. About six miles and a half from Kendal, stands Ings Chapel, a neat erection. After the old Ambleside road has passed St. Catharine's, from a steep descent, it joins the new road at Troutbeck Bridge; this descent displays the head of the lake of Windermere in full glory. But, from the summit of the hill above, Orrest, still nearer Ambleside, that sudden burst on the

head of the lake, with all its mazy windings, and massive woods, and verdant plains, are delightful.

Proceeding on the direct road to Hawes Water, we pass Skeggles Water, about a mile on the left, lying between us and Kentmere Tarn Hill. Bell next rears its head in the distance, between which and our road winds Harter Fell, on the same side, on a line with Hawes Water; at about a mile distant, rises Kidsey Pike. Hawes Water, which we have now arrived at, is fourteen miles from Kendal, and about eleven from Penrith, from which it is approached between two high ridges of mountains; on the right, are two beautiful hills, one of them covered with wood "The lake is a small one; about three miles long; half a mile over in some places, and a quarter in others; almost divided in the middle by a promontory of enclosures, joined only by a strait, so that it consists of two sheets of water. The upper end is fine, with bold, steep, craggy rocks and mountains; a noble ridge of these run along the south side of this lake, very bold and prominent, down to the water's edge. This lake has been seldom visited by travellers, though it is distinguished by the solemn grandeur of its rocks and scenery. The second expanse of this lake seems to terminate its perspective by the huge mountain of Castle Crag; but as we proceed, Harterfell rears his awful front, impending over the water, and bounds the view. Here, at the entrance of a glen, almost choked by fragments, stands Mardall Chapel. Here we see the fells of Lathale, Wilter Crag, Castle Crag, and Riggendale, in succession. Beyond the eastern shore, Kidsey Pike is pre-eminent: on the west is High Street, overlooking the head of Ulswater. Trout, chub, perch, eels, and occasionally a few char, are taken here, but these are deemed inferior to those in other lakes. Haweswater has been rightly styled a lesser Ulswater, with this advantage, that it remains undefiled by the intrusion of bad taste.

Mr. West says, Haweswater may be conveniently

visited from Penrith, returning to it by the ruins of Shap (or Heppe Abbey). A square tower, with piked windows, forms the principal ruins. This pile was built in the reign of King John, for Canons of the Premonstratension order. Towards the south end of the village of Shap, near the turnpike road, on the east side of it, there is a remarkable monument of antiquity; which is an area upwards of half a mile in length, and between twenty and thirty yards broad, encompassed with large stones, many of them three or four yards in diameter, and of such immense weight, that no carriage now used, could support them. Undoubtedly, this has been a place of Druid worship, which they always performed in the open air, within this kind of inclosure, shaded with wood, as this place of old time appears to have been, though Shap Thorn excepted, a tree is not at present to be seen here. Shap Thorn was planted on the top of the hill for the direction of travellers. At the high end of this place, there is a circle of the like stones, about eighteen feet in diameter, which was their *sanctum sanctorum*, and place of sacrifice. The stone is a kind of granite, and when broken, appears beautifully variegated, with bright shining spots, like spar. When polished, they would make beautiful chimney pieces.

The daughters of Long Meg are not placed in an oblong, like the stones of Shap, but in a perfect circle, eighty yards in diameter, and are seventy-two in number. Their height is from above three yards to less than so many feet. A little out of the way stands Long Meg herself, a single stone eighteen feet high.

The ruins of the Abbey of Shap, to which we next proceed, suggest many melancholy ideas:—

What art thou now, Oh pile of olden time?
The sparrow chatters on thy buttresses
Throughout the live long day, and sportively,
The swallow twitters through thy broken roofs,
Fluttering the whiteness of its plumes
Through shade, and now emerging to the sun.

The night-owls are thy choristers, and mope
Amidst the dreary darkness of the night.
The twilight-loving bat with leathern wing
Finds out a crevice for her callow young,
Amid dilapidated halls on high,
Beyond the unassisted reach of man;
And on thy utmost pinnacles the rook
Finds airy dwelling place and quiet home.
When sweeps the night-gale past on rapid wing,
And sighs amidst thy portals desolate,
The alders creak, with melancholy sound,
The ivy rustles, and the hemlock bends,
Springing above the grassy mounds of those
Whose tombs have long been tenantless. But now,
With calm and quiet eye, the setting sun
Beams mellowness upon the wrecks of time,
Tinges the broken arch with crimson rust,
Flames down the Gothic aisle, and mantles o'er
The ruined altar and baptismal font:—
Monastic pile farewell.

From this sequestered spot we may continue our route to the village of that name, situated near the mouth of the Lowther, a proper place for refreshment before we enter Shap-fells, a dreary melancholy tract of twelve miles. On the east side of the road, soon after we leave the village, we observe a double range of huge granites at some distance from each other, leading to circles of small stones, and increasing the space between the rows as they approach the circles where the avenue is about twenty-seven paces wide. They are supposed to have run quite through the village and terminated in a point. Antiquaries have long been perplexed what to call this very uncommon monument; by some it has been imputed to the Druids, by others to the Danes. Shap Spaw is at a small distance to the east of these stones. Leaving this gloomy region of black moors and shapeless mountains behind, we now approach a charming vale, best seen about the midway, between the third and fourth mile-stone on the east side of the

road, called Stone Crag, which cannot be mistaken. Many beautiful hills and knolls are scattered about this valley, some cultivated, others covered with wood. But the oval green hill, crowned with the ruins of a castle, divides the valley and overlooks the town of Kendal, apparently hanging on the side of a steep mountain.

The narrowest part of Haweswater by report is fifty fathoms deep, and a man may throw a stone across it. Thwaite force, or fall, is a fine cataract on the right, and opposite to it; the first sheet of water is lost among the rocks and wood in a beautiful manner. Bleakhow Crag, a ruinous rock, and over it Castle Crag, a staring shattered rock, have a formidable appearance; and above all is seen Kidstow-pike, on whose summit the clouds weep into a crater of rock that is never empty. On the eastern side, a front of prominent rock bulges out into a solid naked mass, and a waving cataract descends the furrowed side of a soft green hill. The contrast is fine. At Bleakhow Crag there is a pleasing back view. Above the Chapel all is hopeless, waste, and desolation. The little vale contracts into a glen strewed with the precipitated ruins of mouldering mountains.

From Hawes Water the road proceeds to Penrith, nearly following the direction of Lowther River; those who wish to view the magnificent seat of the Earl of Lonsdale, frequently pursue that route, when the village of Bampton is passed at the junction of the road from Shat. Lowther river constantly running, on the right we arrive at Aikham, opposite which to the right is Lowther Hall; we now have a distinct view of King Arthur's Round Table.

Four miles from Penrith, we arrive at Lowther Castle. This magnificent pile was erected about the year 1809; it is composed of stone of a rose-tinted white colour, and both the exterior and interior display that style of architecture which prevailed in the 13th and 14th centuries. The entrance is on

the north side through an arched gateway, from which a high embattled wall branches out each way, with towers at intervals, and encloses the entrance Court, a fine level lawn, having on each side roads thirty feet broad, leading to the terrace which is about 35 yards wide and 170 long. There is also opposite the gateway, a handsome flight of steps, 20 yards wide, by which the terrace may be attained from the entrance court. A rich open porch embellishes the centre of the north front: this conveys to the entrance hall, which opens to a staircase of 90 feet high, and sixty feet square, surrounded on each story by arched corridors that communicate with the apartments: it is wholly of stone, and is lighted by windows filled with painted glass. The saloon, 60 feet by 30, is in the centre of the south front; on the right and left of this apartment are the dining and drawing rooms, each 45 feet by 26, which, with the breakfast and billiard rooms, complete the apartments in the south front; from each extremity of which, branching off at right angles, there are arched open cloisters that communicate with the riding house and stables on the left, and with the kitchen offices on the right; this front is within the cloisters, about 280 feet long, and the prospect hence is extremely beautiful, extending into a long vista of the deer park, with ancient forest trees and rising grounds on each side. The north front is 420 feet long, and is ornamented with eight lofty towers; it likewise contains a number of elegantly decorated apartments of noble dimensions, and commands a very delightful view which opens to Penrith beacon-hill, lately planted, by the present Earl, to Saddleback and the Scotch mountains. This mansion is universally allowed to be one of the most splendid specimens of modern Gothic; and the park and grounds surrounding it, are perhaps not to be surpassed in the British dominions, for extent, beauty, diversity of prospect, and richness of scenery.

A very useful diversion has been made in Penrith

road, near Lowther Castle, by which the steep hill is avoided, and the road brought considerably nearer, through the village of Hackthorpe.

High Heskett is half way between Penrith and Carlisle, being nine miles from each, forming the northern extremity of the lakes. On the progress from Penrith, the prospects are pleasant and extensive: Heskett is a pretty large village; on its eastern side is Tarn Wadling, a lake covering about one hundred acres of land. On the crown of a lofty eminence, on the north-east side of the lake, are the remains of a very strong building, 233 feet by 147. The foundations still appear faced with large stones of ashler work, in some places eight feet in thickness. At what time this fortress was erected is uncertain; by the neighbouring inhabitants it is called Castle Hewin.

An Excursion from Hawes to Middleham.

"I have lately (says a modern tourist) traversed a considerable portion of this country. My own affairs affording little scope for mental exercise, I have often found employment for the eye, and thence for the mind, in surveying the circumjacent scenery.—— During the course of the summer, I have beheld the colossean fronts of our northern mountains—with wearied steps have ascended their steep sides—their summits gained, have gazed upon the splendid display of "hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires," that was there spread before me, till the last rays of the retiring sun, adorning the vault of heaven in all the richness of colour, have warned me of the approach of darkness, and of my necessary return to other contemplations, which, if less pleasing, are more profitable.—While the remnant of the harvest was yet scattered over the fields, and the withering leaves had scarcely forsaken the branches, I have seen the snow-clad summit of Skiddaw sparkling in the mid-day sun-beam, like an enormous aggregation of brilliants—dazzling my eye by its inimitable lustre, and

delighting my fancy by the pleasing contrast with the various autumnal tints which variegated the valleys below.—I have crossed the dreary commons between Kendal and Shap. The passing mists now affording an opportunity of espying the top of some lofty mountain—now revealing the depths of some profound ravine, or the dangers of some hitherto unseen precipice. Here all was wildness and chaotic confusion.——But of all my excursive rounds, none has given me so much delight as the ramble of a day from Hawes to Middleham.

Before the dawning morn had been brightened into day, I left Hawes, with an esteemed friend; and took the road to Hardraw, intending to visit the Scar, which is named after that hamlet. After passing over a few fields behind the village ale-house, we arrived at a huge barrier of rocks, which rises to the height of twenty yards. To the right is a similar natural fortification. The intermediate space is of course a deep chasm. Proceeding up this chasm, the rocks increase in loftiness; but are on the left irregular and less perpendicular. There was on the left a singular accumulation of stones, forming a striking resemblance of a cross. Though very accurate, it was without doubt a natural production. But we were deprived of the sight of this curiosity; for some of the country *Vandals* have lately reduced it into a heap of rubbish ——" Strange," said my friend, " that there should be found one being who can thus wantonly devastate the ' frolic scenes' of Nature, and suppress that stream of pleasure which flows from the purest fountain of the human heart—stranger still that no punishment should await him!" —After cautiously advancing for a considerable distance we reached the extremity of the glen. Here at a single leap a great body of water falls in one unbroken sheet from the summit of the rocks into a deep receptacle below—What singular sensation pervades us, while the eye is accompanying the descent of the falling water; which, as it approaches

the earth with increasing velocity, appears as if it was about to separate from itself, and to desert the pursuing stream; while another portion apparently dissolves into "thin air," and floats far above the level of the ravine!—When the eye is weary of viewing the foaming water, it is finely relieved by the few hardy shrubs which, springing out of the fissures of the rocks, spread their scanty foliage over the dark and dismal aspect of the castellated precipices. Behind the cascade is a large excavation. In it we stood, and eyed the firmament through the liquid element. We retired, casting an occasional glance at the overhanging steeps, which seemed to threaten us with destruction. And we could scarcely assure ourselves that the danger was imaginary, when we were clambering over the vast masses, which have at some period fallen from the adjoining cliffs, and now obstruct the pathway,

Returning, we bade adieu to Hawes, which is remarkable for nothing but the politeness, intelligence, and hospitality of its inhabitants.

We descended the vale to Askrigg,—The scenery thither is marked with tameness. A want of wood, water, and mountains, leaves little to gratify the eye of observation A few minutes were spent in observing the simple neatness of Askrigg. Thence we proceeded downwards.

Nappa, a curious old building, the most ancient part of which is now uninhabited, claimed our attention. It is situated in such a declivity that it might easily be assailed from the road; hence it can scarcely be supposed to have been designed for defence. Yet it is surrounded on the assailable sides by a wall, which may formerly have been of more considerable height. It has evidently been erected soon after the civil discords of York and Lancaster. The mansions of our ancestors about that period present a strange incongruity. New and more tasteful ideas of architecture were then beginning to prevail. But the apprehensions of danger had scarcely subsided. The

feudal lord, himself governed by no law, save his own caprice—relied more on the stability of his walls than on the honour of his neighbour. Taste and fear thus opposed, frequently ended in producing a structure of no beauty and of little strength.——We were informed that one of the former owners of Nappa, being High Sheriff of Yorkshire, was attended by three hundred of his own tenantry, all mounted on grey horses. Though the present resident is distinguished by no such empty parade, the blessings of social life will yield him more solid satisfaction, and his own virtues will endear him more closely to his friends, than all the gaudy symbols of ancient time.

After leaving Nappa, the vale by degrees expands. In a short time the stately ruins of Bolton Castle appeared in view. It is placed on the side of a steep hill. The situation not particularly commanding. A part of it is yet habitable. Here we applied, and found a person who civilly accompanied us through the building. We ascended the narrow winding staircase of the north-western tower, and gained the embrasured roof. Hence the prospect is pretty extensive and very agreeable. The hills are more prominent—the woods more extensive. To the south is Preston rock. Before us Pennyhill. To the left, the straggling village of Bolton.—While gazing upon the expanse around us, we conceived that we might be experiencing as much real enjoyment as any of its former haughty lords, though they were viewing the servility of their vassals in the court-yard below—or were surveying the surrounding country, unable to discover the boundary of their own domain.—From the distant scenes we soon return to the desolation before us. How is the importance of this remnant of other days departed! Four towers (connected by trifling erections) formed it. Of one no vestige remains—another is in ruins—and the two remaining, their pomp vanished, their strength destroyed, are kept in order by two hinds, who gain a pittance by guarding the relics of former greatness!

Yet how can we lament its destruction, when we remember that in it was confined the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots? When we reflect that its lord performed a part in that bloody drama which concluded in hurrying to the block an illustrious princess whose beauty and whose misfortunes were her greatest crimes—a drama which will for ever stain the name of Elizabeth, and tarnish the otherwise glorious achievements of her eventful reign?—Well for her and well for the nation if the curtain of oblivion could fall upon the disgraceful scenes!—Is there one so callous as to tread the dreary and desolate apartment in which Mary was immured, without being agitated with the fury of indignation against her oppressors—while his soul is melting at the recollection of all her misery and of all her woe?

Quitting Bolton Castle we reached Bolton Hall.—Observe the contrast! The one worn out with age—decayed and deserted!—The other flourishing in all the pride of youth—clothed in all the splendour which munificence can supply—and so guarded by the shelter of surrounding woods, that scarce "the winds of heaven can visit it too roughly."

At every step the scenery becomes more engaging. The villages seem peopled by that kind of "bold peasantry" which is at once the pride and support of Old England. The seats of the gentry are marked with modest elegance. The land appears more fertile. The groves, scattered around the country with peculiar neatness, are more majestic. While the whole is mellowed by the gentle glidings of the river Ure. In short, the whole district reflects that description of simple beauty, which, like the balm of heaven, gently falls upon the sight, and soothes the mind without disturbing the passions.

We now arrived at Leyburn.——Its spacious streets did not detain us long; and we proceeded towards Middleham. This was the pleasantest part of our ramble. The two towns are charmingly situated on the summits of trifling eminences, in full view of each other. As we crossed the valley which sepa-

rates them. the departing sun shed his golden beams upon Middleham, and tinged the pinnacles of the groves in its vicinage with softened richness. Down the centre of the vale the Ure impels his streams, in beauteous curves; and destitute of wood, (save here and there a solitary shrub,) relies solely on his own attractive powers for eliciting the admiration of those who perambulate his humble banks.

The end of our journey gained, we paid a short visit to the remains of Middleham Castle.

"There the pale pilgrim, as he stands,
Sees, from the broken wall,
The shadow tottering on the sands,
Ere the loose fragments fall.

"Destruction joys, amid those scenes,
To watch the sport of Fate,
While Time against the pillars leans,
And bows them with his weight."

Should those who have pursued our arrangement of routes, wish to conclude their tour of the lakes at Lancaster, the place from whence we started the route, prefixed to the commencement of this excursion, as it supplies the distances from place to place, will easily accommodate itself to that arrangement. As this last excursion is, perhaps, that of the least interest, it may, if time be wanted, be omitted by the traveller. It is, however, given here, in order to make the tour of the lakes complete.

The curious in Geology may feel no small interest in the following remarks. On the succession of rocks in the district of the lakes, by Mr. J. Otley.

Granite is understood to occupy the lowest place in the series of rocks, which have hitherto been exposed to human observation; it may be called the foundation rock upon which all the others rest; there are however, rocks of granite found in other situations; these may be considered as of a later formation. The only granite which I think entitled to the name primary, appearing in this district, is of a grey kind, composed of quartz, white felspar, and

black mica; it may be seen denudated in the bed of the river Ca'dew, near its source on the north east side of Skiddaw; and in a branch of the river Greta between Skiddaw and Saddleback, about 400 yards above the level of the sea.

The rocks which succeed, and have been confounded together under the general name of slaty rocks, may be classed in three principal divisions. The first of which, or lowest in the series, forms the mountains of Skiddaw, Saddleback, Grisdale Pike, and Grasmoor, with most of the Newlands' mountains, extending across Crommack Lake, and by the foot of Ennerdale, as far as Dent Hill.

The second division consists of rocks more varied in their composition; they have been included under the general name of slate rocks; but as those rocks which exhibit the slaty cleavage, form but a small portion of this division, it does not accord with my ideas to apply the term slate to the rocks not possessing the laminar, or slaty structure.

The third division, forming only inferior elevations, commences with a bed (erroneously called a vein) of a dark-blue limestone, (the transition limestone of some geologists,) intermixed with a slaty rock of the same colour: this is the first stratum in which I have recognised any organic remains of shells, &c.

THE END OF THE LAKES.

INDEX.

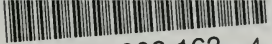
	Page.
Airey Force ..	76, 77
Aldingham Hall	13
Ambleside ...	87
Askrigg ...	132
Bank Park ...	55
Bardsea ...	4
Barton Bridge ...	72
Bassenthwaite	68, 69
Beacon's Gill ..	6
Bellemont ...	36
Bigland Hall ...	4
Birker Force ...	27
Black Comb	20, 21
Blea Crag ...	97
Blea Tarn ...	32
Bleakhow Crag ..	28
Boardale ...	79
Bolton Castle ...	133
—— Hall ...	134
Borrowdale	68, 69
——, Fells of	87
Bowder Stone, the	66, 67
Bowness ...	119, 120
Brathay River ...	107
Broadwater ...	68, 69
Brotherswater	78, 79
Broughton, the Town of	24
——, Tower	19
Burnmoor Tarn ...	103
Burton in Kendal	1, 2
Burnside Hall ...	124
Buttermere	48, 93, 96
——, History of	
Mary of ...	97
Calgarth House ...	114
Calvert, Mr. ...	82, 83
Carter, the ...	3
Cartmel ...	3
Castle Crag ...	66, 67
Castlerigg ...	47
Clark's Leap ...	47
Cockley Beck ...	33
Coniston Hall ...	14, 15
—— Lake, prevailing character of	14
—— Water ...	13, 14
Cook's House ...	122
Coom Door ...	91
Cork Hall ...	4
Cove, mountains of	41
Crag, an enormous	66
——, Various ..	64
Cross Fell ...	87
Crummock Lakes ...	48
—— Water	97
Castle Steads ...	3
Curwen, Mr. ...	120
Dacor, the Stream of	77
Dacre Castle ...	77
Dale Garth Hall ...	27
Deepdale ...	78
Derwent Water,	51, 52
Dog, a Faithful	43, 44
Dolly Waggon Pike	43
Donnerdale ...	20
Dove Crag ...	17
—— Nest ...	91
Druidical Circle, the	22
Duddon Grove	23, 24
——, Estuary of	24
——, Sands ...	88
—— River ...	19
Dunmail Raise ...	41
Eagle Crag, the ...	65
—— Cliff ...	ib.
Eagles, the haunt of	78
—— nest, a, stormed	56
Eamont, the winding vale of	77
Easedale, Vale of	38
Echoes, effect of amongst Rocks and Caverns	44

	Page.
Elleray ...	114
Elter Water ...	29, 30
Ennerdale Bridge	101
——————, Lake of	101
—————— Water	99
Esk, the Vale of ...	27
Esthwaite Water	35, 106
—————— Hall ...	35
Excursion from Lancaster to Ulverton, over the Sands ...	1
—————— Ulverston to Furness Abbey	5
—————— New Inn to Levers Water ...	16
—————— the New Inn to Seathwaite	19
—————— Coniston Water Head to Hawkhead, &c. ...	35
—————— Ambleside to Keswick ...	36
—————— Keswick to Saddleback ...	48
—————— Keswick round Derwent water	50
—————— Keswick by Ulswater to the Inn at Patterdale ..	71
—————— Keswick to Skiddaw ...	82
—————— Keswick to Buttermere, through Borrowdale ...	91
—————— Ambleside	106
—————— Kendal to Haweswater ...	121
—————— Hawes to Middleham	130, 135
Farlton Knot ...	2
Fell Foot Mansion	121
Fells, various ...	125
Field Head ...	36
Furness Abbey ..	6, 12
Fish, various ...	80
Fleetwith ...	91
Flookburgh ...	4
Foulmart and Filchets, hunted ...	90
French Horns and Clarionets, effects of	76
Gatesgarth Village	66
Gentleman, a young, lost his way ...	43
Geology, remarks on	135
Gillerthwaite ...	99
Glaramara, Mountain of	91
Glencoin Woods ...	74
Glenridding Bridge	78
Goats Water ...	17
Goldrill Crag ...	20
Goody Gill Head ...	91
Gouldscope copper mine	93
Gowbarrow Park	75, 76
Grange, Village of	4
Grasmere, Lake of	40
Guide, Lines on a	14, 15
Gunson, John ...	25
Hartsop Dod	79, 80
Hassness ...	97
Hatfield, the notorious	65
Haweswater	125, 126
Hawkshead ...	36, 114
Haws Bridge ...	20
Helm Crag	40, 45, 46
Helvellyn, View of	15
—————— the mighty	104
Herton Fell ...	123
High Hesket ...	130
High Knotts ...	91
High Man, the ...	34
Holker Hall ...	4
Honister Crag ...	92
How Hall ...	99, 101
Ideas, coincidence of	31
Ings Chapel ...	124
Iron Mines, very rich	6
Islands in Windermere	108

Page.
Isle of Man, view of 12
Kendal ... 122, 123
———, New Road to 121
Kent River ... 124
Kentmere Tarn and Vale ... 124
Keswick, Vale of 47, 48
Kidsey Pike ... 125
Kirkby, David, Esq. 16
Knott, Michael, Esq. 16
Lake Mountains, the, compared to a wheel 32
Lakes, Queen of the 109
Langdale Head 32, 33
———, vale of 27, 28, 29
Latrig, or Skiddaw's Cub ... 84
Leatheswater ... 46
Levens Bridge ... 122
Leverswater ... 16, 17
Long Meg and her Daughters ... 226
Long Sleddale 123, 124
Longevity, instances of 22
Lonsdale Magazine, the 20
Lords Feudal, dangerous and uncomfortable situation of 133
——— Island, the 57
Lorton, Vale of ... 105
Lowdore Waterfall 69
——— Cannon, the, at 70
Loweswater ... 98, 99
Lowick Bridge ... 16
Lowther Castle 128, 129
Low Wood ... 37
Lune, River, Vale, and Wheel of ... 2
Lyulph Tower ... 73
Macreth, Thomas 13
Manisty Meadow ... 54
Mardale ... 124
Mart Fell ... 90
Martindale ... 79
Matterdale 90
Maw Edge ... 91
Mellbreak .. 97, 92
Middleham ... 134, 135
Nanbield ... 124
Nappa, a curious old building .. 132
New Inn, the ... 16
Newland Vale ... 93
———— Hawse ... ib.
Old Man ... 43
Ormthwaite ... 68
Otley and Green, awful Descent of ... 50
Patterdale, or Patrick's Dale ... 79
Pennington ... 6
Penny Bridge ... 35
Pikes, the ... 34
——— of Langdale 41
Place Fell 43, 73, 74
Pooly Bridge ... 77
Rampsholm ... 120
Randon Knot, or Buttermere Hawse 98
Ravenglass, Lines on 103
Red Tarn ... 43
Rivers near Ravenglass 103
Road, New, from Lancaster to Ulverston 1, 2
Robin the Devil ... 120
Rossthwaite Cam ... 91
———— Village 67
Rydal Head, View of 14
——— Mount ... 40
——— Water ... 38
——— Hall ... ib.
Saddleback ... 46, 48
Sands, the Lancaster 23
Sands, Lancaster, Reflections upon ... 45
Sannwyke, Village of 79
Sawrey ... 35, 36
Scale Force 48, 96 97,

	Page.
Scale Tarn ...	48, 50
Scawfell ..	34
———, Mountain, View of ...	27
Scene, an admirable	16
——-, a tremendous	92
Scout Scar ...	123
Seat Oller Village	91
Seathwaite and Tarn	19
———— Village	33
Shap, or Heppe Abbey	126
—— ,lines on the ruins of,	ib
—— Thorn ...	126, 127
—— Fells ...	127
——, Village of ...	ib.
Shepherd's Bridge	18
Si Torr ...	66
Sizergh Hall ...	122
Skelwith Bridge ...	19
Skiddaw ...	82, 84
Smith, George, Esq.	13
Stone, the power of	93
Spooney Green ...	82
Skeggles Water ...	125
Stanley Gill ...	27
Statesman, an Old	30
Station, the ...	120
Sterility and Wildness, extreme ...	100
St. Herbert's Island	57
St. John's Dale ...	90
Stock Gill ...	37
Storrs, a handsome Mansion ...	121
Stye Barrow Crag	78, 104
Sunken Church, the	22
Swartmoor Hall ...	13
Tail End ...	28
Tarn, the,on Saddleback	49
——, Wadling, or Castle Hewin ...	130
Thimble Hall ...	23
Threlkeld Fells ..	46
Thwaite ...	16
——- Force, or Fall	128
Todhunter, Mr. ...	123
Torver, Peak of ...	14
Tour around Windermere ...	109, 114
Towers, Richard, Esq.	20
Trontbeck ...	114
Turf, curious manner of getting ...	67
Tyson, William ...	30
Vale of Duddon, Visit to	21
—— of Keswick, new and pleasant view of	94
Views, various	12, 40
Ulpha Crag ...	19, 20
Ulswater ...	71, 76
Ure, River of ..	134
Urswick, lake or tarn	6, 13
Wallow Barrow Crag	26
Walter Scott, Poem by	44
Wansfell, Pike of	37
Wast Dale ...	99, 102
—— Head ...	ib.
—— Village ...	104
—— Water	102, 103
Watenlath, Vale of	62, 63
Water Head House	27
West's Station ...	13
Whitbarrow Scar ...	3
Windermere	106, 107
———— a tour round	109
———— Beauties of	115
Wordsworth, W. Esq.	40
Woundale Raise ...	38
Waysholm Tower ...	4
Wrynose ...	20
Wythburn Head ...	91
Yew Crag ...	91
Yewdale Grove ...	18
———— Crag ...	ib.

. SIDNEY and Co. Printers, Northumberland-street.


B 000 002 163 4

COOKE'S

TOPOGRAPHY OF GREAT BRITAIN

British Travellers Pocket Directory